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EVE

With which is incorporated
THE WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

June 30, 1926

THE LADY'S PICTORIAL

Lewis

Señorita Lili de Alvarez

A studio portrait of Spain's lady tennis champion who played in her first English tournament when she won the Kent singles championship not long ago. She is now adding to her laurels at Wimbledon. Senorita de Alvarez figure-skates almost as well as she plays tennis

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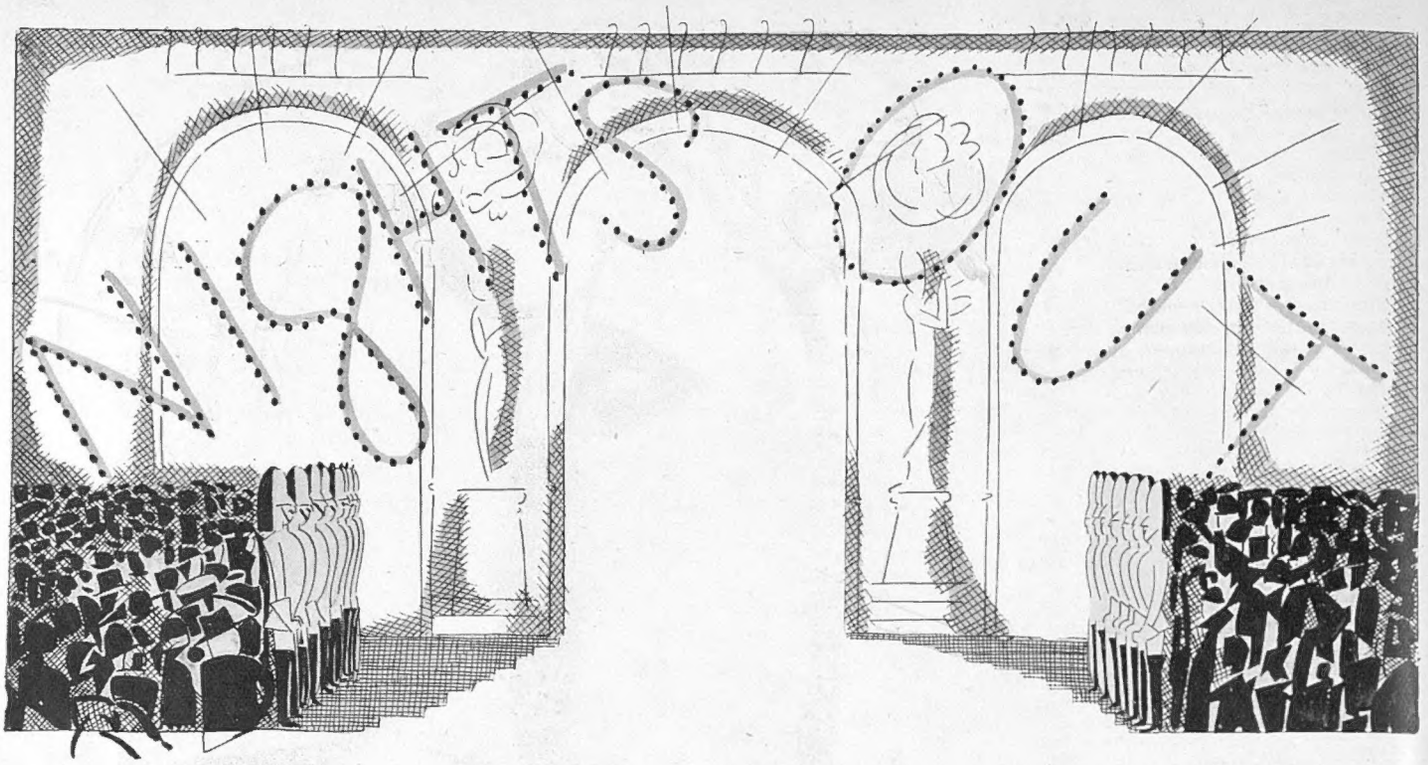


Philippa appears in Paris for one night only

By Sydney Tremayne

Illustrated by "FISH"

"PHILIPPA, I've got a surprise for you," said Mrs. Passington-Pry. "I'm taking you to Paris for the Grand Prix. Sir Roderick Weobley and Colonel Van Buren are going, and we've got a box for the Opera ball."

"Mummie, you angel! Everyone I know in the world is going to be in Paris. Rudolf Carling and — and — oh, everyone! — But you must promise to do nothing without my consent! I couldn't bear "Webby" in the family, you know. I'm sure he thinks he is what Ludovici in his "Woman" book (which "Webby" lent me) calls a positive man, so kindly on this occasion be a negative woman. It's rather a responsibility chaperoning one's mother in Paris!"

"You'd better be thinking about clothes, dear," said Philippa's mother. "The pink frock and hat you wore at Ascot will do for the races, and you might try on the dress I bought from Larue in Hanover Square. If it fits you you can wear it for the ball."

"Most adorable of mothers! D'you mean the heavenly white satin embroidered with coloured flowers, with the belt of green velvet leaves?"

"Yes, dear. I think it would suit you. It's rather too Primavera in spirit for me."

Philippa kissed her mother rapturously.

"I'm so happy, Mummie!"

* * *

Rudolf Carling was engaged the night of the Opera ball. He was going to a circus. Philippa asked Henri Massobra, a brilliant French novelist they had met at Deauville, to go with them because she felt instinctively that he was the kind of man women use as an instrument of revenge. Her determination to enjoy herself was heroic, defiant and a little reckless. Massobra's smiling, appraising eyes approved her flushed cheeks and bright eyes, which was a pity. He was the sort of man who makes a woman feel that to be at her best with him she must be at her worst.

"Darling," said Mrs. Passington-Pry, "don't get too excited. You haven't got a temperature, have you?"

"A hundred and five in the shade," Philippa laughed. "I'm almost delirious."

They went to the Opera in different cars. Henri Massobra took Philippa in his Delage which had rose velvet cushions. While they were in the queue, which stretched for miles on every side of the opera house, he said to her:

Arriving at the Opera for the Grand Prix Ball, Philippa felt that she ought to waltz or sing her way up the steps between the Guard Municipal

"I have never seen you so brilliant—are you in love?"

"Yes. With Paris."

"But Paris is yours for the taking, that would not excite you. There is something else which you have not got—yet."

"The only thing I have not got is a match for my cigarette."

In the flare from his gold lighter his smile seemed malign as well as inquisitive.

"You are nervous to-night: you are experiencing something you have not known before."

"I am going to the Opera ball for the first time."

"You have the courage to welcome new sensations even if they hurt."

"Keep all that for your books, Monsieur Massobra. I am just Philippa. I exist only to wear pretty clothes, dance and enjoy my nights' out."

But he had added to her excitement and her discomfort. Being a novelist he had the power of endowing a character—even one illustrated in line, with ideas and emotions quite irrelevant to a social chronicle.

"I know," said Massobra suddenly, "someone has strode in the wrong direction to-night. But he will come back. Do you say strode, strayed or stridden?"

"Neither; we say 'I wonder where my sweetie is to-night?'"

"Ah!" Philippa drew a deep breath as they pulled up at the Opera House. She stood on the pavement looking up, with her usual interest in effect, at the queer pink glow from the arched recesses above, which threw a glamorous, slightly eerie light on the mob which, kept at a respectful distance by the Municipal Guard, was gathered to watch the World—the many Worlds and their wives and mistresses, go into the opera house for the Grand Prix Ball.

"I adore these musical comedy soldiers with the firemens' helmets," said Philippa. "I feel like a heroine at Daly's. We ought either to waltz or sing our way to the top of the steps."

In the dense crowd struggling through *foyers* and corridors to the boxes and dancing floor, Philippa felt almost overwhelmed by the rather strident laughter and chatter, and the odours of scent and smoke and civilised humanity. She felt colourless beside the peroxide and henna, the khol and bistre, and many rouges, thin beside the opulent shoulders and rounded naked arms which touched her in the crowd, insignificant beside the haughty bejewelled women with arrogant eyes who might be duchesses of the *Ancienne Régime*, Russian princesses or American millionairesses.

"Before we go to the box shall we dance?" sugged Henri Massobra. "It will be impossible later on."

It was so already. The vast floor was packed and the music only just audible above the voices and the excited whisper of shuffling feet. People were clinging together, moving their feet and bodies but making no appreciable progress backwards or forwards. Men and women looked into one another's eyes with laughter, and women looked into one another's jewels and dresses with envy or contempt. In the uppermost boxes the populace was making merry with the wine and saveloys they had brought with them. Would-be dancers were further hampered and humour-ised by the streamers of coloured paper which wound round their necks and arms and legs. . . .

Philippa felt out of tune with the whole atmosphere, too sensitive to the closeness of the homogeneous crowd, and hated it all.

It was better in the box, where her mother and Van Buren were complacently finding their acquaintances in other boxes with the help of glasses, recognising celebrities and ambassadors and guessing which was the President. At last the floor was cleared for the Tableaux. They consulted their programmes and were duly impressed by the long list of names of great ladies who were taking part in them. As "Webby" seemed under some misapprehension about the exact meaning of "Les Histoires Merveilleuses," Philippa explained that marvellous histories were always fairy stories in any language.

As a spectacle the Tableaux were superb.

"Aren't the dresses *marvellous*?" said Philippa. "A lot of them are by the Polish artist, Comte Alex Rzewuski."

"On the other hand," smiled Massobra, "there are quite a lot of costumes here to-night which I think are by Pascaud."

"Who is he?" asked Mrs. Passington-Pry.

"*Il est le Clarkson de nos jours—et nuits* For a small consideration he lends you a disguise your own mother would not recognise you in—if she had any pride."

They waited to see Cecil Sorel as Dulcinée in the final tableaux and then went on to the Acacia for air and space. They had a table up on the railed-off daïs near the tree which, like the shrubs outside "The Pines," and "The Laurels" in the English suburbs, lend their names, without interest. It was gay and bright and red and pink, comparatively cool, and though there were a lot of English and Americans there, not unduly crowded.

Maurice and his newest and fairest dancing partner Eleonora—who is also his wife, did their exquisitely graceful dance, and then, in order to show "how a great lady becomes a great dancer," he took her foot and swivelled it about above her head as if she were made to fold up.

Although—or, perhaps because—Massobra was telling her how different she was to other *jeunes filles Anglaises*, how much wit and temperament and *finesse* she possessed, Philippa began to feel restless.

"Couldn't we go on to 'Florida'? I've never been there, and Mr. Carling told me it was most amusing."

"It's very late, darling," her mother began to expostulate, "and to-morrow——."

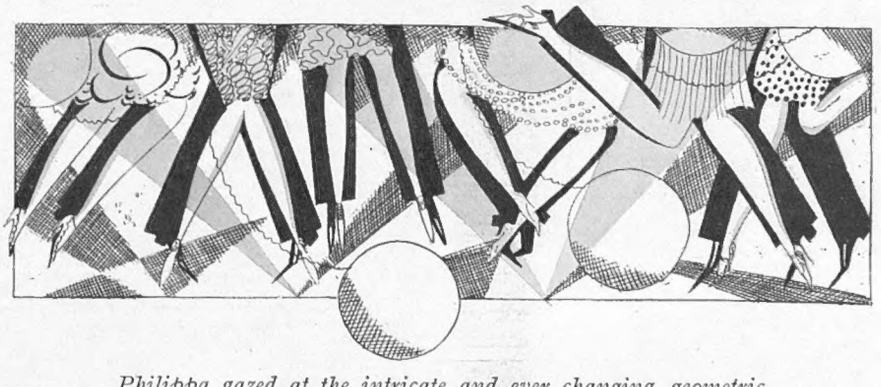
Philippa looked at her mother in the way that a spaniel puppy looks when it wants a piece of cake. They went on to Florida.

There was a queue at the entrance and many were turned thirsty away, but Van Buren had reserved a table "just in case—" and Pippa smiled gratefully at him.

Through the maze of moving heads, the forest of braceletted

(*Contd. on page* 740)

At the Acacia, Maurice showing "how a great lady becomes a great dancer" by swivelling Eleonora's slender leg around her head as if she was made to fold up



Philippa gazed at the intricate and ever changing geometric figures made by the illuminated legs on the glass floor at Florida

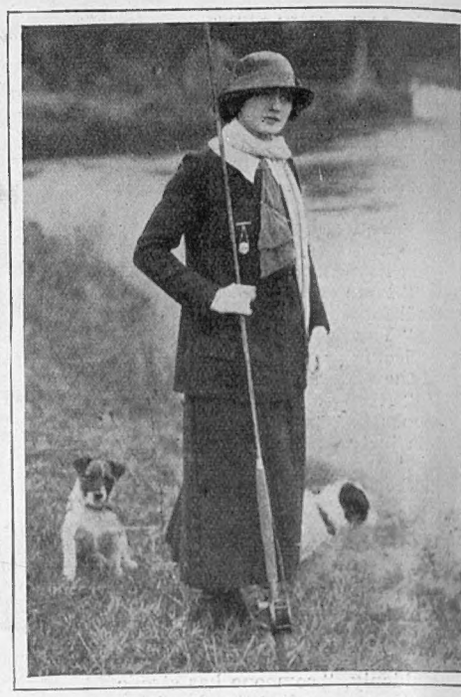
OTHER DAYS, OTHER FASHIONS

No. 7

Lily Elsie

(*Mrs. Ian Bullough*)

We are used to illustrations of the evolution of fashion through the ages, but what is even more startling is the complete metamorphosis, from the sartorial point of view, of one woman in little more than a decade. But beauty and personality come triumphant through the ordeal of change, and Mrs. Ian Bullough remains, through every vagary of fashion, the same lovely woman who, as Lily Elsie, won the love and admiration of the theatre-going public



Poole, Waterfor

Fishing—pre-war

Rita Martin

Mrs. Bullough in 1912

Bertram Park

The survival of the fairest

A present-day portrait of Mrs. Ian Bullough. With her husband she is entertaining at their fishing in Perthshire this year

Foulsham and Banfi

In the "Dollar Princess" days at Daly's

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES

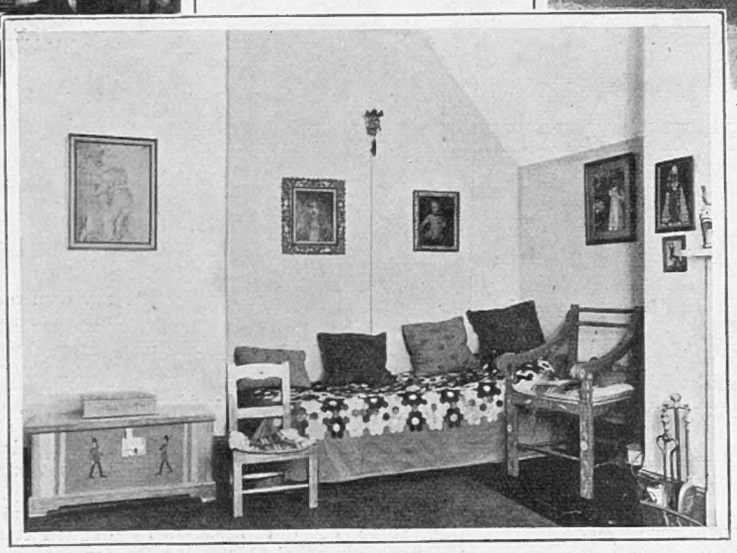
The House on Hammersmith Mall; Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Playfair's London House

By Margot Hirons

Photographs by Oldham and Caton Woodville

The exquisite eighteenth century fireplace in the dining-room, painted water green like the walls. The alabaster glass on the overmantel is the same shade, and the curtains are reed green shot with silver

The fireplace in the back drawing-room is arranged at a very unusual angle; behind it is a deep alcove which houses an immense cupboard as well as a lovely writing bureau



The attic playroom has cream-yellow walls, grass-green paintwork, green rugs, and green painted Portuguese furniture

WHAT do they know of Hammersmith who only King Street know—and Hammersmith Broadway where they are held up on their way to Ranelagh, Richmond and the Great West Road? They know nothing at all. Riverside Hammersmith is one of London's most enchanting secrets: clever people, artistic people, charming people, have always lived on The Mall, in that row of elderly houses facing the river and the narrow slip road sprinkled with elm trees.

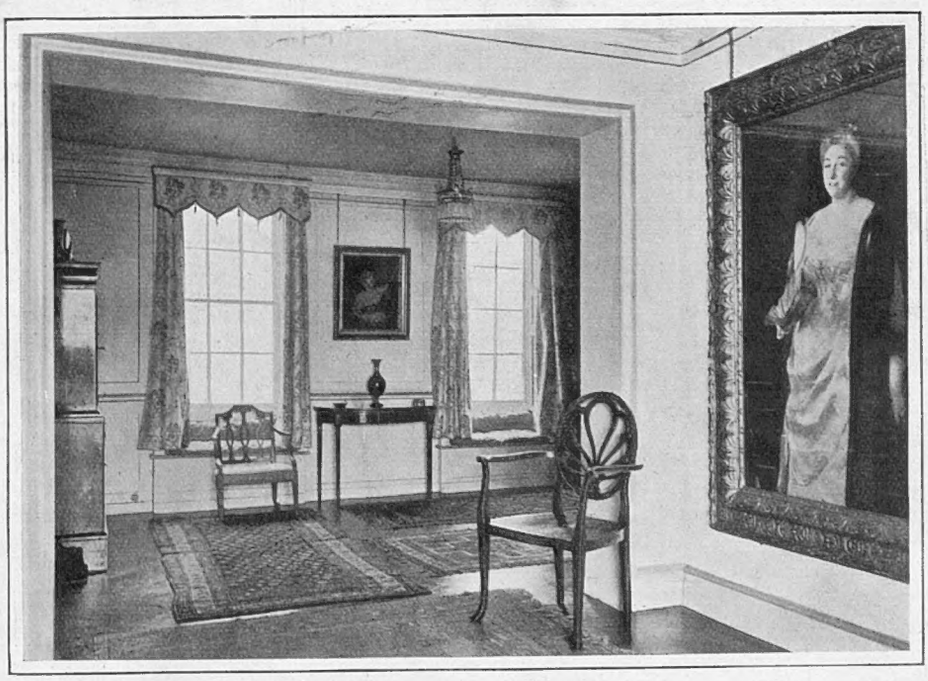
Down here you can easily persuade yourself that you are back in the eighteenth century: at any minute Mr. Lionel might stroll past, plunged in meditation and love's gloom; or Miss Clarissa, all coyness, tears, and a calash, trip out — ostensibly to view the stars. And round the corner is a queer court that might quite well harbour Macheath and his gang, Mrs. Peachum, Polly and all the rest of the Beggar's Opera crew. Isn't this the one place in all London where you would expect the Playfairs to live? And they do: in a house that is unique because of its quaintness, and because of its great beauty.

Mr. Wordsworth was once made ecstatic by a patch of daffodils: what would have happened to him, I wonder, if he had caught his flowers dancing round a white-blossomed magnolia tree against a background of yellow-painted windows and porch-pillars? I am inclined to believe that had Mr. Wordsworth been lucky enough to know Mr. Playfair and his front garden, he could never have become the dull pompous fellow he afterwards became.

In the front of the house, and overlooking the daffodil patch, is a sitting-room where live a canary and a Siamese cat with eyes like moonstones. The walls just match the canary, and the paintwork is chalk white. Clever bookcases fit themselves into two corners of the room; the furniture is ebony, upholstered with dull black satin and edged with silver checkboard galon. There are black skin rugs on the polished floor; the curtains are vivid petunia; and the cushions are covered with bottle green silk shot with blue and silver.

The dining-room makes you think of the river—not the Hammersmith river, but the

(*Continued on page* 738)



The quaintly shaped drawing-room has panelled walls painted cream and picked out with sea blue and coral; the furnishing fabrics and Persian rugs repeat these shades

Brass-headed nails and polished iron mounts decorate this early seventeenth century "bahu" of Spanish or Portuguese origin. It is of teak, covered with black leather, the powerful andiron supports being upholstered in red and silver

E. J. Mason

ON OLD BOXES IN GENERAL, AND TRUNKS IN PARTICULAR

Some chests and coffers of past times

By B. M. C.

CHESTS and coffers of all kinds possess an irresistible fascination, which is by no means entirely due to their decorative qualities. The very nature of a box issues a perpetual challenge, and has the power to invest its contents with an inevitable spice of mystery. There is always that lure about it which proves the undoing of Pandora, and which still makes an unfailing appeal to the imagination. There is, moreover, in the character of a box a sense of security and a feeling of independence, which are its chief assets, and which no mere drawer can ever possess. When all is said and done, a box remains the ideal receptacle for most of one's belongings, and is vastly preferable to many of the elaborate modern artifices, contrived for the reformation of the naturally untidy individual. Personally, I adore boxes, and can never resist an attractive one, be it large or small. Sometimes, when I gaze at the marvellous caskets behind glass in some of our museums, coveteousness almost overwhelms me, and I feel like the "smash and run" thief before a jeweller's window in Bond Street. The watchful eye of the attendant has often met my own on such an occasion, and has made me give a positively guilty start and pass hastily on to the next box, a large coffer this time calculated to disarm suspicion.

Victoria and Albert Museum

This fine chest is covered with brown hide, and shows the use of drawers. The monogram of William and Mary is studded on the lid in brass nails to match the rest of the decoration

In spite of the convenience of modern furniture, a great many people, myself included, still show a marked preference for keeping their belongings in boxes. I sometimes wonder if atavism accounts for this peculiarity, and if we have inherited the habit from our remote forbears, who were obliged literally to live in their boxes through force of circumstances. In mediæval times furniture was of the simplest description, and our ancestors lived like the children of Israel, with their loins girded up, in a perpetual state of readiness for a journey; life was insecure, and a hasty flight was often necessary in order to escape from the raiding force of a stronger neighbour, or to abandon a countryside laid waste by civil war. Truckle beds, trestle tables, joint stools and chests, satisfied nearly all their requirements, the chest being naturally the chief and most indispensable article of household equipment. Coffers ranged from the great dower chest or brideswain of oak or cyprus wood, to the jewel casket and the iron strongbox which took the place of the modern safe, and was meant to hold deeds and coin itself. When a move was made from one house to another, although the latter were ostensibly furnished, many chests and coffers would be sent on in advance. These would be filled with bedding, hangings, tapestry and the various other necessities or amenities of life required to make an abode habitable. The solid structure of these great chests was designed to withstand the rough usage of many a journey, in the course of which they would be piled on carts that were destined to jolt over deeply rutted tracks. Smaller boxes would be slung on the backs of horses or mules, and would share with them the possible results of a stumble over the snags of the road. The condition of the many travelling chests that are still in existence to-day amply testifies to the skill of the cofferers who made them.

During the sixteenth century the oak chest was largely superseded for travelling purposes by the leather-covered, nail-studded trunk. In Latin countries this type of

coffer was called a "bahu" or "bahut," and was a highly decorative and noble looking appurtenance, with its red, black or brown covering of hide, its heavy metal locks and pierced mounts, and the elaborate designs in brass-headed nails with which it was ornamented. I believe that this kind of chest was of Spanish origin, for chroniclers mention leather-covered coffers in use in Spain as far back as the fourteenth century. Katherine of Aragon is said to have brought with her to England in 1501 five "standards" of red leather, bearing her initials on their lids, traced no doubt in nails, after the prevailing fashion. There was very little change in the appearance of the leather travelling trunk from the sixteenth century until the latter part of the eighteenth century. In some cases one or two drawers were introduced at the bottom, otherwise throughout that period they retained much the same characteristics, with their lids more or less domed, and their locks put on either singly or in pairs. Fine examples may be seen bearing the crown and cypher of some of our kings, and they range from a trunk which belonged either to Charles I or to some contemporary Government office, to the travelling chest of one of the Georges. The latter is in the London Museum, and shows on the lid in duplicate the royal cypher surmounted by an immense crown, studded in nails. The care which was lavished upon the decoration of the travelling trunk was no doubt due to the fact that it had to do double duty, and to take its place, raised on a stand, among the rest of the household furniture. Trunks frequently acted as dower chests, and were marked with initials and a date; they were important possessions, and it is doubtless to this fact that we owe their preservation. How delightful it would be if our modern travelling trunks could possess all the individuality, strength and charm of their forebears! The bogey of overweight luggage has gradually reduced the modern English box to a sorry makeshift, and deprived it of decorative qualities, personality, and even of strength itself, in the effort to meet the present-day demand for lightness at any cost.

To return to the ancient trunk. It seems clear that the travelling chest proper was not provided with feet, and that when in use in the house as a store chest it was raised from the floor on low stools, which were packed inside it during the journey. In early days this was certainly the case in Southern Europe, and various types still exist to show us what these supports were like. Those which were used under the heavy wooden chests were like low fire-dogs, finished in front with the carved head of some imaginary beast, while stands on the andiron principle were also used to support the leather "bahu." In the seventeenth century it was the fashion to make these stands much higher, and they were sometimes finished with scrolled ends, painted or stretched with material, and trimmed with tinsel braid. During the late seventeenth century and early eighteenth century a regular stand of polished or painted wood was preferred and followed closely in design the contemporary stands of cabinets or settees. The advent of more luxurious fashions gradually ousted the travelling trunk from its place as an article of furniture, and after a journey's end it was banishedignominiously to the lumber room. In Southern Europe, however, fashions died hard, and the "bahu" remained in household use much longer. I know a very charming late eighteenth century specimen of green leather, painted with a border of flowers in polychrome, and bound at the edges with brass, secured with a double row of nails. No other nail studding is used, but the owner's name appears on a small brass plate, in the centre of the lid. This trunk makes a delightful blanket box, raised on a stand of modern make.

Besides the travelling chest about which this article is mainly concerned, there are other varieties of decorative coffers which can be contrived with the aid of a clever upholsterer, and which can be put to endless uses in sitting-rooms and bedrooms. I mean trunks upholstered in the seventeenth or early eighteenth century fashion, with velvet, damask, needlework or chintz, trimmed as the case demands with gilt nails and tinsel galon, or with cotton braid. Such a coffer looks charming standing at the end of a bed without a footboard, and gives it a finish. It may be placed on a low wooden stand, or raised on upholstered supports such as I have described, and it could be used for storing the extra coverings and pillows belonging to the bed.

E. J. Mason

An English travelling chest of unusual type, made of oak, with pierced iron mounts. It is dated 1697, *but the stand is not of the period*

Victoria and Albert Museum

To copy this delightful little coffer would be a pleasant task for those who are fond of needlework. It is probably of Dutch origin, and dates from about 1700. *Height,* 17 *in., Length,* 2 *ft.* 10½ *in., Depth,* 1 *ft.* 8 *in.*

Victoria and Albert Museum

The nail studding of this great French trunk is a work of art. Some of the nails have heads as small as that of a pin, and vary the design most charmingly. Period of Louis XIV

Lady Alistair Innes-Ker, the Countess of Ancaster's sister, is the younger daughter of the late Mr. W. L. Breese of New York. Her husband, one of the Duke of Roxburgh's two brothers, was awarded the D.S.O. in the European War and also served in South Africa. He and his wife have a house in Gloucester Square. Lord and Lady Alistair Innes-Ker's only daughter was christened Eloise Jane Horatia but is called Jean, the Scottish form of her second name. She is eleven years old

ANOTHER AMERICAN PEERESS

Lady Alistair Innes-Ker with her daughter Jean

Portraits by Hay Wrightson

SECOND THOUGHTS ON FIRST NIGHTS

"Nor do I detest and abjure either great wigs or long beards. . . . Mark only, I write not for them."—STERNE

By Sir Topaz

"Mozart"
Gaiety Theatre

THE piece which M. Guitry has laid at his wife's feet with a gesture amounting almost to idolatry has roused the dramatic critics of London to prodigies of self-expression. It has excited Mr. Hubert Griffith to declaring that in comparison with Mozart Shelley was an ox. By my troth, captain, these are bitter words, as a famous lady said to another critic. Why not make the thing complete and declare Watteau to be a comparative donkey and Beaumarchais, the creator of Figaro, a hippopotamus? I cannot understand that type of criticism which praises one thing at the expense of another. I cannot see that before Hobbs can be a great batsman W. G. Grace must be a duffer, or that the novels of Mr. H. G. Wells can only be recognised as good if those of Mr. Arnold Bennett are allowed to be bad. Nor can I understand why, because a critic has a preference for a particular medium, he should believe the exponents of that medium to make mincemeat of the principal artists in another. Mr. Griffith has discovered that Mozart was a very great musician. That is good for Mr. Griffith, and doubtless the shade of the composer will be temperately gratified. But what would this critic think of anybody who should say that two such lines as

> And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
> Quivering within the wave's intenser day

turned Mozart into a mule? Perhaps, however, I am taking Mr. Griffith's ecstasy too seriously. Perhaps "ox" was only his fun.

MOZART was probably the greatest natural musical genius that the world has ever seen. It has been truly said that every score he ever penned from his earliest days was perfection—you could neither take a note from it or add a note to it. He wrote music effortlessly, so that it may literally be said to have poured from him. "Perfect clarity and limpidity of speech," "god-like ease of movement," "unconquerable loveliness"—these are the commonplaces of Mozartian criticism. But it has also been objected that while Mozart said perfect things perfectly he used the same perfection when he had little or nothing at all to say. A great critic has written: "If the stream of speech runs so easily and so unceasingly, it is bound at times to run a little thin; and it is this thinness that wearies some people after a day or two spent in going not merely through the half-dozen masterpieces of Mozart, but through a large quantity of his work of all kinds. One rather tires of seeing what is almost nothing at all said with such perfect grace and such formal impeccability. One tires, too, of meeting the same frame of mind and the same formulæ of speech in one work after another—clear evidences that the marvellous mental machine was functioning merely automatically, without any fresh enrichment of observation or experience. Even works like *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* can easily be shown to contain a great deal of mere padding—tags of style, *clichés* of expression that came from Mozart's pen almost without any intervention from the brain." Perhaps Mr. Griffith—from whose present opinions I dissent so furiously just because I am very often in violent agreement with them—perhaps my brilliant colleague would like to cite some lines which came from Shelley's pen without any intervention from that ox-like brain.

Lenare

Florence McHugh

Miss Florence McHugh possesses in excelsis the indefinable but telling qualities of charm and sweetness. As Penny Holt in Miss Clemence Dane's play, "Granite," she is admirably cast, and her youthful innocence and joie de vivre are in dramatic contrast with the ruthless, tragic character of "Judith," played by Miss Sybil Thorndike. Miss McHugh is a Canadian actress and a singer, and made her first success in London as "Deborah" in "Mr. Pepys"

BUT it is time we came to M. Sacha Guitry and the ever adorable Mlle. Yvonne Printemps. M. Guitry has taken that year in Mozart's life when he returned to Paris for the second time at the age of twenty-two. His first visit had been at the age of seven when he had created the biggest *furore* ever made by infant prodigy before or since. Now the Parisians are notoriously fickle, and it was not to be expected that they would find anything good in the young man whom they had adored fifteen years earlier. And Mozart took it out of them by declaring that whereas the French could manage to make a fuss of musicians they were entirely incapable of understanding music.

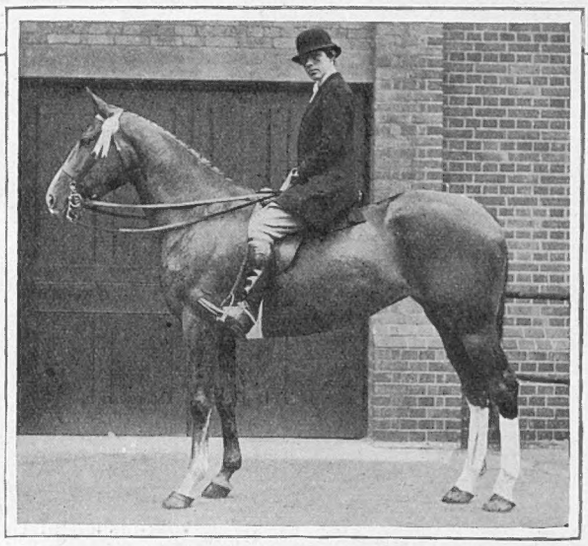
THE piece must stand or fall by Mlle. Printemps' impersonation of Mozart's youth and grace, because there is really nothing else in the play. Let it be said at once that she captivated all hearts in the first moment of her entrance and held them in bondage throughout the whole evening by means of her grace, charm and extraordinary skill. Surely this little lady must be one of the most accomplished of the world's *comédiennes*. Consider how admirably in *Nono* she hit off the manners, gestures, intonation and accent of the common little hussy who didn't mind what lover she had so long as she was not left stranded without any lover at all. Consider some of her marvellous performances in the reproduction of the pathos of the streets and the tearfulness of draggle-tails. Consider the verve, the brilliance and the extraordinary sense of fun which has marked all her *gamins*. And now we have her Mozart, in which she presents such a picture of the glamour of youth and of radiant, almost unbearable, happiness that many eyes in the theatre could not choose but be wet. It was extraordinary to note the way in which Sacha, who played the part of the Baron Grimm, doubled the parts of the young composer's protector and Yvonne's worshipful impressario. When Mlle. Printemps was not on the stage M. Guitry became witty by and for himself; as soon as she appeared he effaced himself and stood silent against the wall rapt in self-sacrifice and devotion. M. Reynaldo Hahn's music is charming throughout, and Mlle. Printemps sings all the little songs plentifully besprinkling the piece with a charm which it is impossible to put into words. The costumes are delightful, and there is a very fine piece of acting in high comedy fashion by Mlle. Germaine Gallois. Altogether the whole entertainment is one of the most exquisite experienced for a very long time.

D

THE SPORT OF THINGS

Different ways of improving the shining hour

Four members of the English team who were beaten by America in the battle for the Wightman Cup. From left to right: Miss Joan Fry, Mrs. Lambert Chambers, Miss Colyer and Mrs. Godfree



On the right is Mrs. Philip Fleming, Major and Mrs. Hunloke's elder daughter, on Bubbles, a 1st prize winner in the Novice class at the International Horse Show.

W. A. Rouch

Riding at Olympia

Sir Lionel Darell and his daughter putting in an appearance in Hyde Park. Sir Lionel Darell whose home, Saul Lodge, is in Gloucestershire was High Sheriff in 1924

Major-General Seely and his daughter having four pennyworth and an interesting conversation in the Park

On the left are the Hon. Mrs. Spender-Clay, her daughter, Miss Rachel Spender-Clay, Miss Tennant and Miss Brand at a recent house party given by Lord and Lady Astor at Cliveden. Mrs. Spender-Clay is Lord Astor's only sister

EVE GOES FISHING IN THE SOCIAL SEAS

The ever narrowing Channel—Informality in entertaining — Anecdotage

After Ascot

Captain Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Aird and Mrs. Feilding go racing at Folkestone. Judging by their expressions Mr. Aird had a luckier day than Captain Bishop

TO understand the real importance of the business about whether Mahomet should go to the mountain or the mountain should have gone to Mahomet one must remember that at the time when Mahomet was the man of the moment transport facilities were not what they are to-day. Nowadays such a controversy could not arise: it would have no news value. The great ones of the world are dispatched to distant empires with a mere paragraph, and welcomed back with, at most, a snapshot and a caption.

As to going and coming between London and Paris it does not count at all. One can buy a dress in Paris one day, wear it at Ascot the next, see a Guitry play in London, meet Spinelly or Monsieur André Maurois at supper, return to Paris for an English lunch party, back an English horse at Auteuil and see the Tiller girls at the Casino de Paris in the evening. London has become a suburb fo Paris and Paris of London. The Channel is thinking of changing its name by letters patent to Moat—or le Fossé.

What a public the Guitrys have in London! —so well dressed and so enthusiastic. The serious critics even complained of "ill-timed applause"—as if such a thing were possible.

At the first night of "Mozart" at the Gaiety someone expressed a doubt if they could "keep it up"—meaning the crowd, the applause and the intelligent laughter—for three weeks with the same play, even with such a perfect setting for Yvonne Printemp's charm and talent, even with Sacha Guitry's drolleries and his adoption of his father's expressive immobility, because it was pointed out, theirs is a very special public, and during the last Guitry season the same people went over and over again because there were different plays to see. The Pirandello season was cited, when the theatre was packed for the first week, but after all the *maîtres d'hôtels* in London and the intelligensia from Capri and Florence had seen the plays, the audience dwindled until there were only a few retired

(*Continued on page* 697)

Edna Thomas

Who is giving the last of her three London concerts at the Æolian Hall to-night (June 30), *thus finishing a world tour. As a singer of Negro Spirituals Miss Thomas is supreme, for she expresses to perfection that blend of childlike faith and pathos which makes them so poignantly appealing. This photograph was taken of her at work in her kitchen in America*

You never can tell

The one and only Suzanne, with Miss Betty Nuttall, whose ambition of course you can guess. Someday — who knows?

TAKING A LOOK AT LIFE

In the social, sporting, and stage world

In Warwickshire

Left to right: Mrs. More, the Hon. Francis Parker's daughter; Mr. Hugh Parker, the Hon. Algernon Parker's son; the Hon. Mrs. Alex Parker, and Brig.-Gen. R. H. More at Norton Curlieu, the Hon. Alex Parker's home

Below is "the oldest Etonian," with his great-grandchildren, Miss Rosemary Dawson and Miss Betty Mackenzie, at a garden party given by Lady Clayton in honour of his 100th birthday. Sir George Higginson joined the Grenadiers in 1845

General Sir George Higginson

En grande tenue

Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, Lord Carnarvon's only sister. Lady Evelyn married Sir Brograve Beauchamp in 1923

It was certainly very hard luck on Miss Helen Wills having to withdraw her entry at Wimbledon owing to a difference of opinion with her appendix. This young lady is very popular in England, not only for her brilliant play, but for her good sportsmanship

Valerie Taylor (on the right) is often to be seen riding in the Row. She is playing the lead in "The Twin," just produced at the Everyman

Lenare

Getting settled

EVE GOES FISHING IN THE SOCIAL SEAS

—continued from page 695

Sewell

Reasonable pride

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Gilligan, with their famous son Arthur, who skippered the England XI in Australia last year. Mr. A. E. R. Gilligan (Dulwich and Cambridge) is, of course, captain of Sussex

diplomats in the stalls. But the argument was swept aside by the unanimous opinion that there were enough people in London who would never admit that they could not understand French to fill the Gaiety for months.

Among the Paris celebrities who have been in London lately is the much married and betrothed Mrs. Nash, who was at Ascot with her present *fiancé*, M. Dubonet of apéritif fame. At the time of her divorce from Captain Nash, who contributed so materially to her attainment of "the best dressed woman" reputation, the co-respondent was being chaffed one day at lunch about his letters which had been published. He took it quite calmly and explained that what he felt most was that someone had described them as illiterate. "If they'd said they were silly—or anything—I shouldn't have minded," he said in an aggrieved voice, "but I really don't think they were illiterate, do you?"

It may interest some of the feminine readers of EVE to know that the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, who has the reputation of having started the shingle on its fashionable career, is now wearing long dresses, and her hair taken straight back and done in a bun at the back! She is a very smart French woman—the widow of Prince Jean de Broglie—and spends a great deal of her time in Paris.

And while we are on the subject of hair—like coal, it is a question which is never settled—Miss Mary Ashley, who returned to London after a rest cure for Ascot, was at the Berkeley one night with her sister, Lady Louis Mountbatten, with her red-gold hair cut in a fringe across her forehead. Very few women, especially fair ones, have worn a fringe since short hair came in—or, should I say, long hair went off? Iris Tree is one of the exceptions, and the pretty young wife of General Ashley, but she is very dark.

All the people who have not gone to Paris to try to get back their Ascot losses despite the disappointment of Legatee being scratched, seem to be devoting themselves to Wimbledon. Lunches are early and apt to be curtailed. At a luncheon party Lady Erleigh gave the other day, when there were quite a lot of people in her charming green dining-room, Lady Mond arrived about the same time as the ice with two tickets for Wimbledon and carried off the hostess, and the guests were left to drink their coffee, admire the lovely roses Lady Reading had sent up for the occasion, and amuse one another.

There is a certain rather delightful informality about entertaining nowadays which gives scope for originality. At Lady Swaythling's big ball for her daughter, the Hon Joyce Montagu, towards the end of the evening—the evening does end at dawn at a good party, doesn't it?—coffee and sausages and eggs and bacon were served at a "coffee stall" outside the drawing-room window. Supper, too, was different from the ordinary gilt-chaired affair "done" by West-end caterers. It was on the second floor, in three rooms, including a delightful Dutch kitchen, panelled with blue tiles and with checked cloths to match on all the tables.

The nigh clubs are never quite so full at this time of year when there are so many private dances and charity balls, but it is rather a relief sometimes to escape from crushes and formal obligations, and people have got into the way

(*Continued on page* 748)

Yvonne Gregory

Lady Gibbons

Lieut.-Colonel Walter Gibbon's wife is one of the busiest and most versatile of London hostesses. Last week she was acting in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at the Scala, a performance organised by Lady Alington in aid of the Waifs and Strays

Bertram Park

The Hon. Georgiana Curzon

Lord and Lady Curzon's sixteen-year-old daughter appeared in a special charity matinée at Daly's on June 25 in aid of the Infants' Hospital

Stoke Poges Church

Immortalised in Gray's "Elegy" Stoke Poges Church has been restored by public subscription, and a certain amount of land round it has been bought, to secure it from the encroachments of modern buildings

"WHEN IT'S JUNE DOWN THERE"

Lord and Lady Cardigan and their house at Stoke Poges

Lord Ailesbury's only son who was born in 1904 married, at the age of twenty, Miss Joan Salter, daughter of Mr. Stephen Salter. Lord and Lady Cardigan have recently taken a very attractive house at Stoke Poges

Photographs by Sasha

The house from the garden

THE DOGGY WORLD

Kennels of the day: (20) Mrs. Allom's West Highland White Terriers at The Red Cottage, Outwood, Redhill

Telephone: Smallfield 41.

By Mrs. Carlo F. C. Clarke

IT is an acknowledged fact that, although we have not yet regained "the Ashes," and have been outclassed by foreigners and colonials in most forms of sport during recent years, Great Britain still holds the record for producing the best pedigree stock of all sorts and kinds. We are told that genius lies in the capacity for taking infinite pains, so it is perhaps our national characteristic of dogged perseverance (which is certainly a necessity in breeding any animal) which is a big factor in our success The work of an owner-breeder of dogs or horses is never done: one day's neglect may wipe out the profit of six months' toil; whilst it is a truism amongst doggy folk that most future champions are made (or marred) in the first six months of their lives.

Mrs. Allom was, perhaps, peculiarly fortunate, for to some extent she served an apprenticeship in the art of breeding pedigree stock; as for many years her father was a most successful breeder of horses, keeping a large stud, and growing up in this sporting atmosphere she instinctively learnt the rudiments of the craft, and is besides indebted to her father for many useful hints when she started her kennels.

She tells us that she attended shows for two years before starting the "Furzefield Kennels," becoming thoroughly conversant with all the points of the breed, the different strains, their effect on each other, and the best methods of eradicating faults such as timidity (which was becoming a serious handicap to the popularity of these dogs some few years ago), consolidating good points, etc.

Small wonder, therefore, that Mrs. Allom is now one of our most competent and popular judges, and any show fortunate enough to secure her services is certain of a record entry.

Needless to say, Mrs. Allom's numerous prize-winners are all home-bred, for she hardly ever purchases a dog, preferring to introduce the necessary fresh blood by judicious matings with stud dogs of approved strains.

This point of home breeding is one which I never lose an opportunity of impressing upon the novice just starting a kennel; for in it lies the whole fascination of the sport of dog-breeding and exhibiting. The purchased prize-winner falls naturally to the longest purse: often, too, when he changes hands owing, perhaps, to want of condition, bad handling in the ring, he does not continue his winning career; even if he should, fifty challenge certificates won by him cannot afford the same delight as the first prize card obtained by a puppy you yourself have tended since its birth, and watched develop and improve day by day.

Of course, all we dog-lovers consider that whatever our special fancy may be, that breed excels all others in beauty and fascination. In the words of Mr. McCandlish, the Chairman of the Kennel Club, when writing of his beloved "Scotties": "All other breeds of dogs are regarded merely as 'dogs,' whilst the Scottie (or Bulldog or Peke, whatever it is we prefer) is a personality." Mrs. Allom, however, has the past history of the breed to confirm her opinion when she writes: "The aim of my kennels is to make my dogs real companions, whether on a long country ramble, a day's sport, or as household pets, and I think they combine these qualities better than any other breed I know."

Their sporting proclivities were, of course, developed from their earliest existence, for they were one of several breeds of rough-haired terriers kept by the Border and Highland farmers purely for sport and the destruction of vermin, which included foxes and badgers. They were doubtless specially bred for work amongst the rocks and cairns of the Scotch mountains, for which their compact build, strong, short forelegs are peculiarly fitted. Colonel Malcolm's, of Poltalloch, is the first regular kennel of which there are authentic records, and he exhibited them at first as "Poltalloch Terriers." They were recognised by the Kennel Club as a separate breed in 1907, but although they at once became most popular, both for exhibition and as pets, one is glad to know that their sporting characteristics still predominate, and they remain game, plucky little terriers ready to enjoy any form of sport, from badger-drawing to ratting. All the "Furzefields" are

(*Continued on page* 738)

Furzefield Primus

Furzefield Patience

Furzefield Primus, Progress and Patience

Mrs. Allom's son takes a hand

WOMEN IN THE NEWS

Positive Personal Paragraphs on Pleasantly Pertinent People

By Rudolph de Cordova

Tanqueray

Miss Clemence Dane

THE DRAMATIST OF THE MOMENT

THE inter-relationship of the arts is beautifully illustrated by Miss Clemence Dane, whose "Granite" has made an instant impression at the Ambassador's Theatre. After studying art at the Slade she went on the stage, acting in all sorts of plays in the provinces and eventually coming to London with Miss Eva Moore in "Eliza Comes to Stay," for which she also designed the posters. The war hurled her into other activities, and she sought relaxation in writing three books before she was imbued with the desire to turn dramatist. "A Bill of Divorcement" established her instantly. Greatly daring, she wrote "Will Shakespeare" and succeeded greatly with it as literature even if it did not run as long as its excellence deserved. She has since had produced "The Way Things Happen" and published the play "Naboth's Vineyard," while another, "Adam's Opera," will be produced within the next year by the newly formed Forum Theatre Guild.

Hay Wrightson

Lady Beecham

MUSIC AND THE SALON

THE first woman law student ever presented to Queen Victoria, Lady Beecham, when quite young was so impressed by the laxity and diversity of the marriage laws in her native America that she studied law in the hope of helping to make them more uniform, and thus benefit her sex in whose welfare she has always been deeply interested. Instead of shunning motherhood, as so many women do now, Lady Beecham feels strongly that it should be cultivated in the interests alike of the Empire and of humanity, as she feels that the developing of the character of her sons should be no inconsiderable part of a mother's duty and not be relegated to their nurse, their public school and their University. To the furtherance of these ideals Lady Beecham has given much time, and for six years she lectured, wrote and addressed public meetings. On one occasion at Bristol she had an audience of 6,000 women. In addition to her musical receptions, Lady Beecham is now bent on reviving the Salon.

ANTI-WASTE

FEW, if any, women receive as many requests as Lady Askwith to address meetings, so highly appreciated is her ability to hold an audience. One secret of this is the possession of an imperturbable sense of humour. It was never more clearly demonstrated than on one occasion at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The meeting had been organised by the National Citizens' Union, which represents the middle class interests of England, and, though not political, draws the line at Communism. About a thousand Reds were present. Again and again they interrupted her and sang the "Red Flag." Instead of sitting down, overpowered by the demonstration, she remained standing, and when each interruption was over she began again where she had left off, for she refused to stop until she had said what she had to say. The ironic circumstance was that it was a speech against waste. Waste was the subject which first started Lady Askwith speaking. She was running seven canteens for the Y.M.C.A. in the docks during the war and saw how much waste went on, and the men begged her to tell the country how they were suffering through it.

Lafayette

Lady Askwith

Hutchinson & Russell

Mrs. Laura Knight

AN ARTIST SANS "ISMS"

A MODERN among the modernists, Mrs. Laura Knight, whose "Saxophone Player" has attracted such vivid attention at the Royal Academy, is having her sixth "one man show" at the Leicester Galleries. Unlike so many modern artists, Mrs. Knight is thoroughly schooled, with no perverse modern "isms" for she draws with a knowledge of anatomy, and paints with the academic skill and thoroughness of a classicist. Her felicity is the alliance of an overmastering urge with uncompromising work. An example of this is furnished by the way in which, while staying in a fishing village in Yorkshire, she spent two months drawing only the hands of the fisher folk in action. She has been through the fire in other directions, for for two years before success came to her she lived, literally, on porridge and tea in that remote village. When she and her husband resolved to come to London, they tramped the fourteen miles which separated their village from Whitby to take the train, because they had not enough money to hire a conveyance. They reached London to find a picture hung and sold at the Academy.

SECRET DE POLICHINELLE

WITH no intention of "pulling the public's leg," Miss Magdalen King-Hall succeeded admirably in doing so, for everybody believed "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion" was that of a really eighteenth-century damsel. As a matter of fact, she told several friends about the book in her natural excitement when it was accepted, but they kept silent about it. Her success she regards as akin to drawing a prize ticket in the Calcutta Sweep. Living in a remote part of Ireland, she meditated on the book to escape boredom, confiding the idea to her sister. Stimulated by her approval, while staying at Brighton, the young authoress made a list of eighteenth-century words in the Hove public library by way of preparation. One evening she began to write with a pencil on the back of an envelope. The envelope as duly exchanged for a series of notebooks, but the pencil persisted. Every evening for six weeks the writing went on and then the MS. lay complete before her. Part of her dress allowance was allocated to having it typed. Then it was put into the hands of an agent and she went back to Ireland to await the happy result.

Barratt

Miss M. King-Hall

A CONSERVATIVE GRANDE DAME

DEEPLY immersed in the political world though Lady Joynson-Hicks is by virtue of her husband's distinguished position in the Cabinet and the country, that very position prevents her playing as large a part among the official hostesses of the Conservative Party as some of the other ladies. The Foreign Secretary's wife, for instance, must of necessity entertain the diplomats and distinguished guests from abroad; the wife of the Secretary of State for India has the same function to perform when Indian potentates and officials come to London, as they are constantly doing. There is, however, no such call on the Home Secretary's wife, and Lady Joynson-Hicks has, perforce, to lead a more retired life. To compensate her, as it were, she delights in entertaining her friends, and her luncheon parties bear witness to the charm she wears as other women wear jewels. When Lady Joynson-Hicks first attended elections, a wife accompanied her husband to his meetings, opened bazaars, and performed similar ceremonies, but she rarely or never spoke, while now she holds meetings of her own to advance his interests.

Hay Wrightson

Lady Joynson-Hicks

THE WORLD WE DO NOT LIVE IN

Lady Dorothy Mills returns from Cannibal-land unbeaten — and uneaten

Lady Dorothy Mills, daughter of the Earl of Orford, has recently returned from Liberia, which is peopled entirely by cannibals. She travelled over five hundred miles through dense forest, where for days she scarcely saw the sky. No white woman has ever before penetrated this territory and in many parts she was the first white person the natives had ever seen and they were much more terrified of her than she was of them. Below Lady Dorothy is seen with some of the curios and momentoes she has brought back, including a spear which belonged to a Leopard Man, one of a strange secret sect who act and dress as leopards

The Dolly Sisters! Lady Dorothy with an African image doll and a modern mascot

Lady Dorothy Mills at home in the study of her house in Ebury Street, where she is writing about her many and exciting experiences in cannibalistic West Africa

"Oh! Mister Porter, whatever shall I do?
I want to go to Birmingham, but they've sent me on to Crewe."

"Denham sat down, on a prim little bedroom chair by the window"

Further chapters of ROSE MACAULAY'S *new Novel*

"CREWE TRAIN"

Illustrated by Keith Bryant

WHAT HAS ALREADY HAPPENED TO—

DENHAM, who owes her strange name to her dead mother's favourite village in Buckinghamshire, at twenty-one is a long limbed, loosely built young woman, with a sunburnt skin and small brown eyes under sulky black brows, who has been brought up by her father

MR. DOBIE a clergyman, who, having just enough money to live penuriously without industry, settled in Andorra. Here he contracted a second marriage with the handsome daughter of a local smuggler, who destroyed his peace and gave him four hybrid children.

DENHAM'S AUNT EVELYN, her mother's sister, and her three children,

AUDREY, NOEL and GUY, visit the Dobie family in their mountain fastness. Mr. Dobie had a stroke and died. On receiving the news Aunt Evelyn decided that it was her duty to adopt her sister Sylvia's girl.

Denham was sullen; she did not want to go with these people, but she was dazed, dazzled, helpless, and she knew that she certainly would go.

HUMPHREY, another of Denham's cousins, started for England in the motor diligence with the rest of his family and Denham, but at the frontier made an excuse to return to Andorra, because he was infatuated with Paquita Jaime, a handsome Andorran peasant.

PETER GRESHAM, Denham's uncle by marriage, was a bland, shrewd little publisher. His town house was a centre of social life and entertainment. Nothing Denham had ever seen before was in the least like London. She presumed that Londoners were mostly mad.

Her aunt bought Denham clothes and had her shingled. People called her a fine looking young woman, but she lacked standards, could not understand the necessity of conforming to a ritual. She asked "Why?" about everything.

Humphrey came home sick of love and disillusioned; he returned to his bachelor chambers in Shepherd's Market and resumed his writing of belles lettres.

The Grahams gave a party at which they had real Lamas fresh from Thibet, and everyone thought them "wonderful," but Denham said she supposed they were "ordinary where they came from—just clergymen."

ARNOLD CHAPEL, a tall, dark young man with a pleasant smile, who had met Denham at a dinner and first night with the Greshams, found Denham interesting and stayed beside her all the evening, and Denham began to feel exhilarated by talking like a real person at a party and drinking claret-cup.

The Greshams went to "World's End" their country house for the week-end, but instead of stopping their usual activities they accelerated. They squeezed in clever guests as tightly as one packs a suit-case. It rained and they played frightful indoor games.

Denham wouldn't play. She found an outhouse in the garden and amused herself there. Arnold Chapel found her on Saturday after tea making a boat with a penknife and a chunk of wood. He made one too and they raced them down the stream in the rain.

Denham and Arnold kissed and both touched the edges of passion as they clung together in the wet yellow evening. As far as you may on so slight an acquaintance, love, this young man and woman loved now.

CHAPTER IV

COUNTRY WEEK-END

3

THE night was now clear and full of stars. Denham, who had neither been to the inn nor been taught not to eavesdrop, had heard through her open bedroom window the talk about Arnold and herself. It did not make much impression on her. Evelyn was always talking like that about someone or other, discussing people's relations together, and so on. Denham dismissed it briefly as "cheek." She did not see what it had to do with anyone else how much she and Arnold liked one another and what they meant to do about it. So far as she was concerned, they meant to do nothing about it, except go on liking each other, sailing boats, walking about, kissing when they wanted to kiss. Marriage? Indifferently, Denham dismissed it. Not a satisfactory arrangement, in her view; it asked altogether too much. She had seen married life in Andorra and in London; an exacting, industrious business. What had marriage to do with kissing and sailing boats?

Neither she nor Arnold had thought of it. And what was all that rot about theology? How people did chatter about what did not concern them. However, Denham philosophically supposed, they had to chatter about something; they couldn't help it. It pleased them and didn't hurt anyone else.

She still hung out of the open window, after the conversation was over, for she liked the smell of this place. She sniffed up the piney air and found it good. It was better than London down here; more to do.

Someone leant out of the next window. It was Miss Garden, examining the night before she retired. Denham saw the neat grey head, the incisive, eye-glassed profile, poised for a minute against the yellow light from the bedroom. What had she said? "The mind of Miss Denham Dobie is a sealed book to me." How queer, to be a sealed book to anyone. Yet everyone was. All these people, their minds and motives were too strange to be understood. What were they all after? Denham found them disconcerting, wished she knew. Miss Garden was attractive; you could love her if she let you, only she probably wouldn't. They were all attractive. Arnold was attractive. Well, Arnold was more than that . . . Denham's heart turned within her when she thought of Arnold.

She saw Miss Garden draw her curtains, heard her say, "Well, child, what?" and knew that Audrey or Noel had come into her room. They would talk, then; they would continue that endless game which Denham did not know how to play. For a moment Denham felt lonely, to be perhaps the only person not talking that night at World's End. It was low, uncivilised, like an animal. If she was going to be Arnold's friend, she must learn to talk more. You could not expect Arnold to be sailing boats all the time, or even kissing; she must try and be intelligent, and to play at charades and even reviews if he wanted to. And talk more, yes. Why not begin at once? Since talking in the night was part of the higher life, she would talk in the night. To whom? Why not to Miss Garden, next door, whose room some other talker had just left?

Before she had time to repent, Denham flung on her kimono and made for the door.

4

"Come in," said Miss Garden's clear, incisive voice.

Denham opened the door and shut it behind her, standing against it, big and awkward. Miss Garden, too, was in a kimono; she sat in an arm-chair, plaiting her grey hair and reading a French novel. She looked up at Denham, surprised but agreeable, waiting for her to speak.

Denham said, "May I come in? I want to . . . I want to talk."

"By all means," said Miss Garden, who was used, at any hour, to the confidences of young women, though she had not expected them from this young woman. "Sit down."

Denham sat down, on a prim little bedroom chair by the window. Now she was for it; she must talk or fail. But she repented her precipitance. She ought first to have thought of something to say. It was not so easy as walking through a door, this talking business. Especially with a person who gave you no help, but sat and waited, her finger in her novel, her enigmatic regard (was it amused, ironic, or merely expectant?) coolly upon you. What in the world *do* people talk about in bedrooms in the small hours?

"A fine evening after the rain," said Miss Garden, after a moment.

Denham took the cue with relief. So this was what they talked about. Good; she could manage that all right.

"Yes," she agreed. "The glass was going up when I came upstairs. The temperature in the porch was 60. That's four degrees higher than last night. I should say to-morrow would be fine. The wind's from the north-east. The gardener told me that was a good wind for fine weather down here."

"That," said Miss Garden, "is the sort of thing gardeners do say. It means nothing. Fine weather is like the spirit; it bloweth where it listeth. I'm older than the gardener, so I know."

"The question of winds," said Denham, "is rather difficult. In Andorra . . ." She talked for a minute and a half of Andorra winds and their relation to various types of weather. She forgot that she was talking, forgot herself in her subject. Miss Garden listened, with half a smile. An odd young woman, she was perhaps reflecting, to enter the bedroom of an only slightly known elderly lady, at this hour, in order to talk about Andorra winds. The winds, doubtless, were a smoke-screen put up to conceal an advance into some more pithy topic. She waited, and did not yawn, though she was, in truth, sleepy.

Denham concluded the Andorra winds. She sat silent for a minute, brooding, her thoughts, it seemed, turned inwards. She made as if to speak again, paused.

"Now," thought Miss Garden, "we shall have it. . . . Yes?" she blandly encouraged.

"But," said Denham, "once you get the other side of the mountains, it's all different. *There* you get the west wind bringing rain, as often as not. Because, of course . . ." She explained why, at some length. Talking was easy, after all, on interesting subjects.

"Well," said Miss Garden, presently, "weather is certainly very exciting."

"Isn't it?" said Denham. "And isn't it done badly in the newspapers?"

"Most things," said Miss Garden, "are done badly in the newspapers."

"Are they? I don't read anything but the weather. They're nearly always wrong about that, when they look ahead. Of course, it's difficult."

"Very difficult, I'm sure." Miss Garden suppressed a little yawn.

"What do you think is the best kind of barometer?" Denham asked, after a moment leaning forward, her elbows on her knees.

"I don't know." Miss Garden's yawn broke into a laugh. "I've never looked deeply into the subject. You have, I expect?"

"Well, I've looked at a good many kinds. I'm not sure, between two, which is the best. One . . ."

"Are you going to tell me about them? Will it take long? Because, if so, isn't it perhaps a little early in the morning to begin. I mean, there's all the day. . . ."

"Oh, all right." Denham fell silent. Perhaps the talk had been long enough, though it had not been so long, she thought, as most night talks. She got up.

"Good night, Miss Garden."

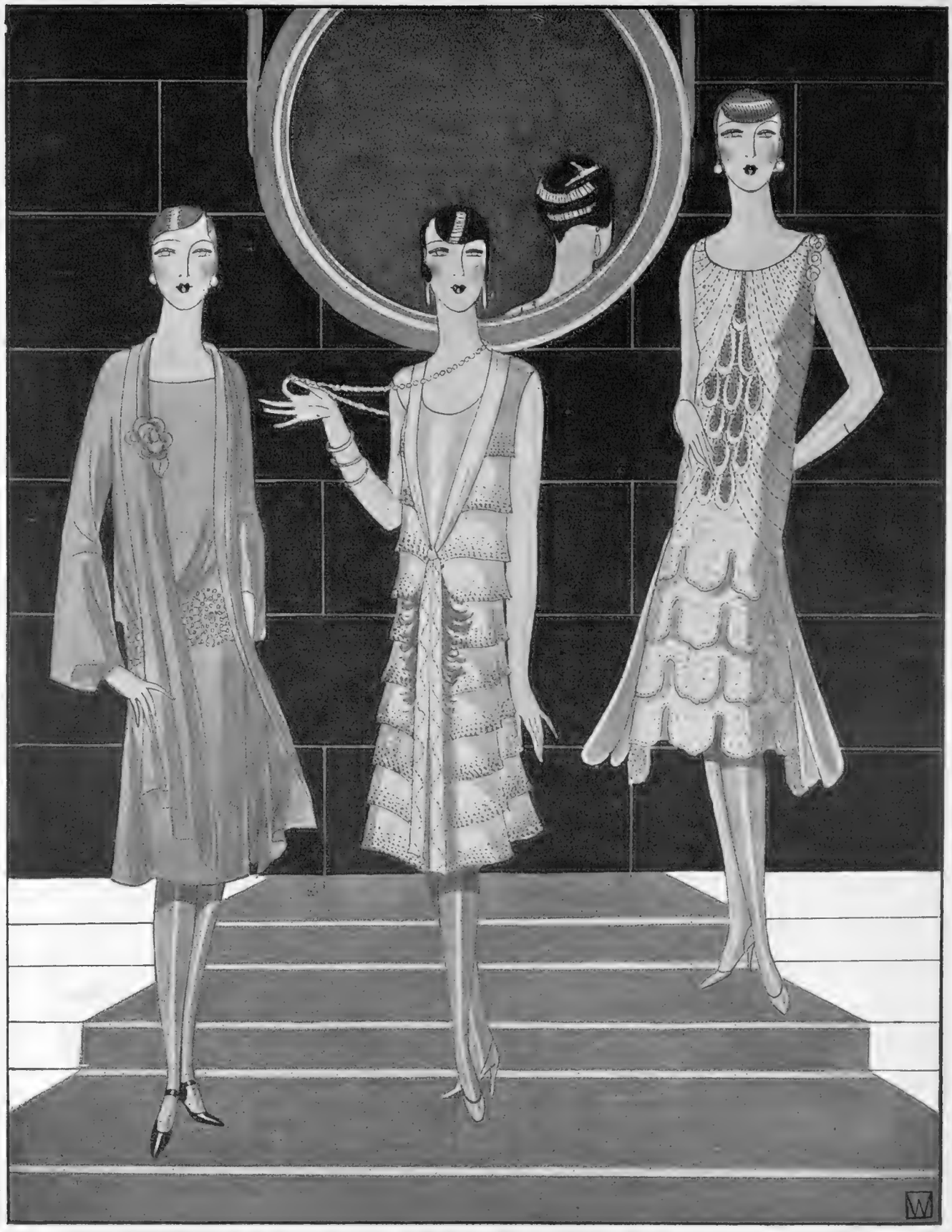
"Good night. That is, if you must go? I didn't mean, you know, to stop our conversation, only I thought possibly barometers might prove too large a subject to enter on. There's nothing else you wanted to say, I suppose?"

"No, that's all to-night; thanks very much."

Denham returned to her room, rather pleased with herself. She had talked for

(*Continued on page* 705)

"Audrey was finding to-day rather tiresome. Her special friend, Arnold, was off with Denham."



ON THE TOP STEPS OF FASHION'S STAIRWAY

As it grows up the flare becomes more and more subtle and accomplished in its methods; it moves in the best society and goes to all the dances. Bernard has three last words to say about it—a mobile rose chiffon dress with flowing sleeves and long fluttering scarf caught by a rose, a white georgette evening frock with tier upon tier of gently widening flounces trimmed with glittering rhinestones and yellow georgette agleam with crystal embroideries which follows the line of the figure as far as the hips, while the skirt has its own way of showing hospitality to the flare

quite a time. And it had not been really difficult, either. She was certainly coming on.

Miss Garden, getting into bed, thought, "A curious episode. Will she get it out, whatever it is, to-morrow, I wonder? But why to me?" She chuckled at the memory of the earnest face.

"You'd think her whole heart was in winds and weather and barometers."

She arranged herself comfortably in bed, with her novel at her side, for a last read, before the curious thought crossed, for a moment, her mind—"What if it really is?"

5

Sunday was fine, and the younger members of the house-party took sandwiches and walked out for the day. A queer walk, Denham found it; one of those sociable walks, when people talk all the time. At first they all kept more or less together, but after lunch Denham and Arnold detached themselves, and enjoyed the afternoon more than the morning. The others strolled over wood and hill, amiably chattering, except Noel, who was feeling cross with Audrey, having by accident seen a sentence in a letter Audrey had been writing in the train yesterday to a friend, and it was about her, how she was extravagant in her expenditure and Audrey couldn't think what she did with all her allowance. Noel had not known that Audrey would write about her like that while professing friendliness. Audrey sometimes gave her these small shocks. She digested them in silence, turning them over and over, brooding and resentful, unable to forget. Audrey forgot offences much more quickly, and inflicted them more often. She was fond of Noel, though faintly jealous of the classic precision of her features, and more often irritated by the fastidiousness of her mind. Noel felt Audrey deficient at times in a sense of honour. Her mother, too. . . . They said things, they sometimes did things, that jarred. And now it seemed to Noel that she must be tarred with the same brush, for she had read that sentence about herself in Audrey's letter to the end. Of course, if you see your own name, you do want to see what about it. You read it almost before you know what you are doing. Anyhow, Noel supposed bitterly, if you are a Gresham. Why write, talk or think about each other's private concerns, anyhow? Why not leave one another alone?

"We never do," thought Noel. "We're always talking each other over. All of us but Denham, and she doesn't talk at all. She's an owl, but she's got some sense about that. . . . This sort of thing, between Audrey and me, wants thinking out. It means we aren't really, at the bottom, friends. . . . ."

It was the sort of psychological problem she could have discussed with a Somerville friend, only she would have to make it impersonal—a kind of "What should Miss A. do?"

Audrey was finding the day rather tiresome. Her especial friend, Arnold, was off with Denham; Noel was moony and in the sulks about something; Guy was being affected and monopolising the conversation and flirting with two girls at once. This having to go out for the day just because it was Sunday was a bit of a bore, really; there was such a thing as being too conventional. The older people, who had stayed about near home, were better off. Evelyn and Peter and Miss Garden and the gentleman novelist and the Liberal politician and the Liberal politician's wife were, no doubt, sitting about in the garden and being amusing and comfortable, having what Audrey called "good talk." Arnold and Denham were . . . well, goodness alone knew what Arnold and Denham were doing. What did he find to talk to her about? Weather—animals—trees—food—the map—these were not Arnold's subjects. Audrey shrugged her shoulders, and supposed that Arnold must think Denham handsome. As, of course, she was, in a big, queer way.

It would be funny if they should really fall in love. Funny and rather sad, because of course, they weren't suited in the least. . . .

In front, Daphne and Joan, the two pretty girls, were mocking Guy's stories, laughing and sceptical. Audrey turned round to Noel, who was behind her on the path, and said, amicably, "How badly Daphne's done her eyebrows. The shape doesn't go with her nose." Noel winced. She thought such comments in the worst of form. One's eyebrows were, like one's expenditure, one's own, and it was low of other people to comment on them.

"Has she? I've not noticed," she returned, and Audrey thought, "Sulky little prig."

Kenneth Allen, Guy's friend, caught up Audrey, and talked about the training of mice. Audrey pulled herself together and became social, merry and alert.

6

Arnold and Denham strode along in silence and talk. The silence was Denham's (she had perhaps exhausted her powers of loquacity in the small hours of the morning) and the talk Arnold's. Denham didn't mind Arnold talking if he wanted to. Sometimes she listened, sometimes she was busy looking at the things they passed, and didn't listen. Occasionally she raised a topic herself, such as wasps' nest, moles, squirrels, ants, or how many miles one walked an hour. Whatever the topic, Arnold always said more on it than she did; his speech was at a ratio to hers of about a hundred to one. Even when she wasn't listening, she liked to hear his nice, soft, easy voice drifting along, liked him to be playing happily at the world's favourite game, undeterred by her inability to play too. She did not know that he was nervous. When there was a little silence, she said, doing her bit, "What's your favourite food?" and they talked about that for quite a long time.

But really he had been silent because he had been wondering whether he should kiss her again, or whether that would be a fool's game. He wanted to kiss her very badly, but he was a young man of very decent feelings, and felt that he ought to think this thing out before he went on with it. How did she regard him, and how he her? Was this to be a solid love affair or merely a week-end pastime? He felt that it might become, for him, if he went on kissing her, quite a solid love affair, and he was not sure if either of them wanted that. . . . So, after his night's reflections, he had started the day meaning to be impersonal and prosaic. However, he had succumbed to the temptation of going off alone with her, and now he badly wanted to make love again.

So, after a brief hesitation, he made love again, and the afternoon passed very enjoyably for them both. By tea-time they both perceived that they were in love. The usual kind of strong attraction netted them firmly about, and it would have been of no use to struggle against it, even had they endeavoured to do so. They knew that they must meet very frequently in London and continue this thing. They made engagements to lunch together this week, to play tennis in Regent's Park, and to go to kennel shows. The affair, in short, promised well.

7

At dinner that night everyone knew that it was an affair. Even male creatures could scarcely miss it.

Arnold joined in conversation about the Diaghileff ballet, and compared Woizikovsky with Idzikovsky, and discussed the pictorial values of Massine, but rather absently, as if some force were dragging him downwards from civilisation towards the level of Denham, who, being asked by the politician's wife, who did not know her, whether the combination of Massine and Pruna was not the most delicious thing in the world, replied, supposing it to be some kind of fruit salad, that she had not tasted it. It was obvious that this force, with its downward drag at one lover, was, as yet, exerting no effective upward pull at the other. Denham's aspirations towards the higher life were earnest but fitful, and meals were, for her, off times. She ate stolidly through them, an indifferent Philistine within the gates, gay, informed chatter frothing round her like a play to which she was not listening.

"Denham behaves," Evelyn said to Audrey, later, "just like a rather stupid child of twelve. I wonder if I should have her examined. Perhaps an osteopath. . . . They say it's all the spine, and I daresay hers wants loosening up. It did wonders for Clara Elton's girl, cured her of stooping and breathing . . ."

"Denham doesn't stoop or breathe," said Audrey, shortly.

"Well, no. Physically, she's magnificent. Nothing seems to tire her. It's her head that seems weak, poor girl. It's probably a case of arrested development. I really think I must have her seen to."

(*To be continued*)

"So, after a brief hesitation, he made love again, and the afternoon passed very enjoyably for them both."

GETTING MARRIED

Weddings and Engagements

Mr. John W. Stobart, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stobart of Thornton Hall, Thornton-le-Dale with his bride, formerly Miss Doris Rosemary Foljambe

Angus Faith

Miss Dulcie Marshall, daughter of the late Mr. Frank Marshall. She is engaged to marry Lieut. G. Birley, R.N.

Hay Wrightson

Miss Joyce Hatfield, who is marrying Lord Allerton on July 6 at the Guards' Chapel. She is Lady of the Manor of Thorp Arch Hall, Yorkshire

Albone

Capt. J. G. B. de Wilton, 3rd Cavalry Regt., Indian Army, made a very decorative bridegroom when he married Miss Hannah Addington of Ford House, Eaton Socon, at Eaton Socon Church. Bedfordshire society attended in force

Mr. Maurice Hardy and his bride, formerly Miss Rosalie de Crespigny, elder daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. Claude Champion de Crespigny, leaving Saltwood Church after their marriage. Mr. Hardy is the younger son of the Rt. Hon. Laurence Hardy of Sandling Park, near Hythe, and nephew of Sir Reginald Hardy of Dunstall Hall, Burton-on-Trent

Below is a group taken at the reception after the wedding of Mr. William St. George Abbott, R.N., and Miss Kathleen Bourne, daughter of Mrs. Walter Bourne of Garston Manor

Vandyk

Sailors do care

Yevonde

Clifford Bax

The distinguished playwright who adapted "Polly" and whose more recent successes include "Midsummer Madness," and "Mr. Pepys," is now working on a serious play by way of contrast. He is also shortly publishing a book of fiction

"TALKING ABOUT BOOKS..."

A Critical Causerie of Good Reading

By Richard King

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS

"The House of the Goat," by Charles Lloyd Jones (Duckworth), 7s. 6d.
"The Venture Book," by Elinor Mordaunt (The Bodley Head), 15s.
"The South Seas of To-day," by Major Douglas and P. H. Johnson (Cassell), 21s.

IT is strange how in this world the man who at the first real difficulty throws up his hands and cries "Save me!" never lacks eager hands held out to him in succour. Only the man who struggles on, too proud to acknowledge defeat, meets nothing but elbows held at an acute angle and only touches hands clenched to make fists. The fact is at once a compliment (and the reverse) paid to human nature. A compliment to the innate kindness and generosity of its heart; a condemnation of its imaginative sympathy. The sufferers, who suffer not in silence, will find the way of assuagement comparatively easy. They batten on the almost universally human weakness, which is an inability to say "No" and stick to it. Most people's "No's" are a compromise. And when once people begin to compromise, the more ruthless among the "propped" forge ahead gladly.

In fact, it may almost be said that three compromises in "No" come to the same thing as one "Yes." You don't get what you want in one, but in three bits; yet, if you be not too proud to make a fuss, you get what you want at last all the same. You have only to observe how the way is made straight for those who habitually grumble. The easily content have eventually to be content with very little. But the whiner has usually a circle of, if not eager, at any rate roped-in, friends ready to do their utmost to stop his whimpers. In fact, the "propers" in this life can hardly get on with the business of being independent, because of the magnet which they prove for those who ask only to cling on to somebody. You see it everywhere in life. In politics especially, where the men who have to foot the bill are the last to be considered in legislation. You see it in private life, where the purely selfish never lack the freely given willingness of the unselfish to pander to their needs. You see it among the beggars in the streets, where the woman, who lugs her miserable baby about with her, receives more alms than she who puts her baby in a crêche and goes out to work for its sustenance. Certainly you find it in books, where quite often the backboneless hero or heroine is cherished and cared for by their Creator as if the slightest hard bump on the flagstones of reality would be too pitiful to contemplate.

Take, for instance, the character of Keith in that well-written and interesting novel, "The House of the Goat." Clever he was as an architect, but he struck me as being a weak-kneed creature all the same. At any rate, he was not worthy of all the trouble and anxiety which Elizabeth took—just in order that he might not quite go under by reason of his own—well, "sloppiness" is almost the proper word of denunciation. Moreover, she wasn't in love with him herself, so she

WIT AND WISDOM FROM THE NEW BOOKS

"If you spend your life making people take you at your own figure you do need someone to laugh at you occasionally."

"The average boy with any brains at all treats his motor-bike better than his mother because he knows it won't work for him if he neglects it."

"It is one thing to despise pettiness, but another to have to deal with it."—From "The House of the Goat," by Charles Lloyd Jones (Duckworth), 7s. 6d.

"So many, many things come to one altogether too late in life."

"A ship is like a woman in love, it takes very little to upset her when there is nothing serious at hand."

"Heaven be thanked that I am old enough to realise what happiness is, a gift denied to youth; to savour the rareness of it, to miss nothing, to blur nothing."

"There are some places—as there are some people—which are unresponsive to us and to which we ourselves are unresponsive; while others affect us so that the merest trifle endears them to us for ever, and forgetting every discomfort that we have ever encountered there, we remember this alone."—From "The Venture Book," by Elinor Mordaunt (The Bodley Head), 15s.

Fryn Tennyson Jesse

The author of "Tom Fool," recently published by Heinemann, is the grand-niece of Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, and the wife of H. M. Harwood. She has collaborated with her husband in several plays, one of which, "Billeted," has lately been revived. Mr. and Mrs. Harwood are both fond of the sea, and spend a large part of their time cruising about the world. Last winter they went up the Nile, under sail, into the Soudan

had not even that divine reason for her unselfishness. The trouble was that Keith, who had an invalid wife in Switzerland of whom he was supposed to be passionately fond, had allowed himself to drift into an "affair" with Violet, Elizabeth's friend, who was a widow, pretty and well-off. The only thing then to save him was to find him work. And this Elizabeth tried to do at the expense of her own peace, as well as her own bank-balance. Well, it was, of course, very noble of her. But if Keith had made greater efforts to save himself I, for one, would have thrilled more to that nobility. He struck me as being the embodiment of the human fact which goes to show that, if you do your best and yet fail, the world will turn its back; whereas, if you fail through not trying at all, a whole heap of people will strive to lend you some of their own courage. One felt sorry for Elizabeth. She had enough inner-trouble of her own. Her one longing was to have a child; yet, because physically she was incapable of motherhood, she refused to marry the man who really loved her and for whom she felt a very steadfast affection. But she didn't go all to pieces, as so many modern heroines would have felt themselves fully justified in doing. Had quite a number of women written the story, Elizabeth would doubtless have been some man's mistress in the first chapter. Mr. Charles Lloyd Jones, on the other hand, does not make Elizabeth above such a revenge on Nature, but he shows her us as a woman too independent to make a certain profit out of her tragedy. Instead of yelling: Why should I be denied a woman's crowning glory?—and then immediately going out to live with some man as an act of defiant egotism, she simply tried to make hard work and the "mother ing" of other people cheat the inevitable of its poisonous sting. She was, in fact, born to prop—and so she had to prop both Keith and Violet, and neither of them worried themselves in the least over her efforts at unselfishness. And this makes the story very convincing as a tale of reality. The characters are admirably drawn. Those of Elizabeth and Donald, the wealthy middle-aged man who loved her, especially. And all the trivial tittle-tattle of village life on the Norfolk broads is amusingly true to life. The only thing which puzzled me was the fact that Elizabeth, being a farmer in a fairly prosperous way, allowed the pigs and cows and sheep to play such a wellnigh neglected part in her life, that she seemed to have twenty-four hours out of every day to live that portion of her existence which could comfortably ignore them. As a background her farm was dim almost to invisibility.

HOW PLACES AFFECT US

When reading those two most interesting travel books, Major Douglas and P. H. Johnson's "South Seas of To-day," and Elinor Mordaunt's "The Venture Book," it was amusing to note, where the trail of their journeys crossed, how different was the effect on each writer of the places visited. Take, for instance, a man-

James Brand Cabell

The author of the much discussed "Jurgen" who has recently published "The Silver Stallion" (The Bodley Head). In a foreword in this book Mr. Cabell says: "The curious are referred to the pages of "Poictesme en Chanson et Légande" (G. J. Bülg, Strasburg, 1785), for a discussion of the sources of The Silver Stallion; and may decide for themselves whether or not Bülg has, in Cadman's phrase, 'shown' these legends to be 'spurious compositions of 17th century origin.' . . . Authentic or not . . . here is the sole account we have anywhere . . . of the changes that followed in Poictesme after the passing of Manuel the Redeemer"

grove swamp. Major Douglas found them restful, even beautiful. Mrs. Mordaunt, like most other people, found them simply horrible. "South Seas of To-day" is an account of the cruise of the yacht, *St. George*, in the South Pacific. It was a journey undertaken for the purposes of scientific research. Mrs. Mordaunt took her trip in one of those fits, half of exasperation, half of despair, which seize many of us when we are fed up by the conventional routine of the Everyday and realise that life is passing and that, for what the world we have known might be—an enormous tablecloth would cover the whole of it. The yacht, *St. George*, started from Dartmouth, and *via* Madeira, Trinidad, the Panama Canal, Cocos Island, the Galapagos Islands, cruised among the Marguesas Islands, the Society Islands, Easter Islands, and returned by way of the Gulf of Mexico, Though undertaken in the interests of science and in the hope that the film account of the journey would pay for its cost (which to the disgrace of British film-fans it didn't), this book is written for the general reader, and a more delightfully interesting travel-book you would find it difficult to meet. When I say that, as you read it, you might actually be *there*—it is the best compliment which any reader can pay a book of experiences in little-known corners of the world. Well, Major Douglas and P. H. Johnson's book fully deserves this praise. Most interesting is the account of the bird and animal life of the tropical islands of the South Seas. But equally interesting is the writers' account of their own experiences among the natives; the queer characters they came across; the customs and legends of the islands they visited, and the adventures, some of them really thrilling, which they encountered. Mrs. Mordaunt's book is more of a personal diary. But her journeys were undertaken in such an unconventional fashion that her "escape" reads like a story of adventure from the moment when she left Marseilles in a French cargo boat for Guadaloupe, Martinique, Panama and Tahiti, and in various other boats and canoes, visited Samoa, Fiji, New Zealand and Australia. And surely she possesses the real travel "spirit." She knew where she wanted to go; but at the end of the first stage of her trip she left the how-to-get-there-and-when to pure chance. However, she was ready to put up with any discomfort if only she might arrive, and she did. Thus her book reveals a whole new aspect even of places and people which other travellers have already described; though not many—since her passion for the new and strange took her to tiny islands well off the beaten track, and which she reached only when most people in the "know" had informed her it was impossible to get there. And how both books give us that gnawing feeling of wanderlust, than which I know of no emotion more insistent. Alas! most of us have to rest content by being armchair travellers — a "discomforting" second-best. Still, these two books are so interesting, so vividly and delightfully written, so profusely illustrated, that even on the trip of imagination they take us, it does not need so very much to make us feel that really we are with the writers all the time. The pictures of "Lonely Rapa" and of "Tahiti" in "South Seas of To-day," and Mrs. Mordaunt's description of the wonder of the Panama Canal are three scenes which made London and this dreary summer vanish in a flash.

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

"Tom Fool: A Romance," by F. Tennyson Jesse (Heinemann), 7s. 6d.

Miss Tennyson Jesse, besides being a novelist of real distinction, has written one of the most "glowing" books on crime that I have read. In her latest book she gives us a story of the sea which every lover of ships and sailing, as well as every lover of a dramatic story, splendidly told, will delight in. And the ocean background is a real ocean, and Tom Fould, the hero, is a real character. "There he stood by himself clinging on to the fore-stay and watching the foam that hissed as though white-hot against the cut-water and floated away so fast over the black sea. . . . He had felt almost like this before, riding a horse on a merry-go-round that came at fair time; it had been wonderful whirling round in the night lit by paraffin flares, strident music blaring out as the horse swept round and round. This was far more wonderful, this living thing that plunged and reared beneath him." Some of the descriptions are wonderfully vivid. in fact, "Tom Fool" is a splendid story of the sea, splendidly told, and deserves to be among the most successful books of the year

LADY BRIDGET PARSONS

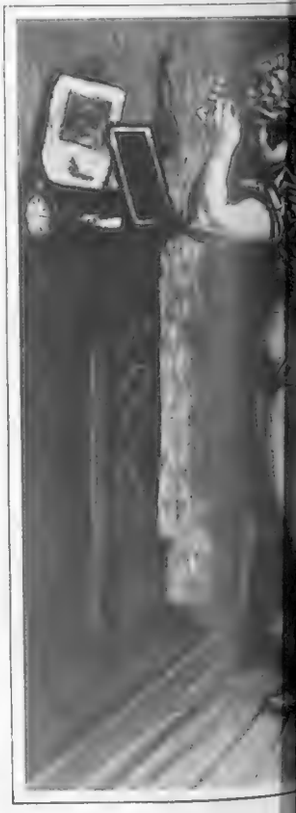
The beautiful sister of the Earl of Rosse is a year younger than her brother, who owns Birr Castle in King's County. Lady Bridget Parsons was presented at Court this month by her mother Viscountess de Vesci. Lady de Vesci, second daughter of Sir Cecil Lister-Kaye, was the widow of the 5th Lord Rosse when she married Lord de Vesci in 1920

"Sleeping Dancer"

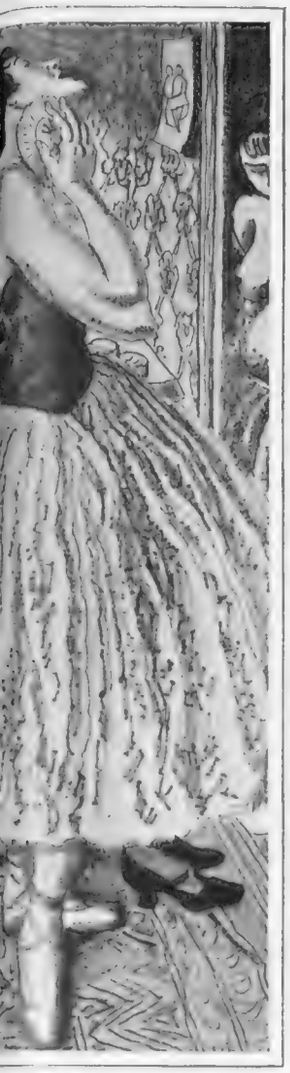
"Three Grace

LAURA KNIGHT GOES BEHIND THE SCENES AND CONFIRMS HER REPUTATION AS ONE OF THE FOREMOST ARTISTS OF THE DAY WITH ETCHINGS AND AQUATINTS AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

"Five Clowns"



"Dressing-room



Ballet''

''*Mascots and Make-up*''

Circus''

The strength of Laura Knight's drawings lies not only in the observation and imagination she brings to bear on her subjects, but in their draughtsmanship. There is a sureness and virility in her work that can only be the outcome of hard work and serious study added to natural talent. Everything she draws is pregnant not only with its own dramatic value but also with the personality, vision and technique of a very remarkable artist

Photographs by William Davis

''*Youth and Age*''

Lady Sanderson

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

The camera meets Lady Sanderson and her daughter at Malling Deanery near Lewes

Lady Sanderson is the wife of Sir Frank Sanderson, M.P., who was made a baronet in 1920. Her husband, the Member for Darwen, has many interests connected with commerce, and was, perhaps, the first in this country to recognise the great value industrially and intrinsically of the soya bean. Serving in an honorary capacity during the war, Sir Frank organised, staffed, and controlled, first, the trench warfare national filling factories and stores, and later the aircraft ammunition filling factories. He has travelled extensively on the Continent and in the Near East. Miss Pearl Sanderson was presented this month

Miss Pearl Sanderson and her mother

Photographs by Miss Compton Collier

A deep rose satin dress by Lanvin fancies a full skirt and a tight, almost high-waisted bodice on which to impose a school-girlish collar and bow tie of navy blue

THE WIDENING OF FASHION'S HORIZON AND ITS SKIRT

The Robe de Style leaves the footlights and insidiously works its way to the front of Fashion's open-air stage

By Meander in Paris

FROM being a slim wraith in half a yard of kasha, the Frenchwoman and her followers in fashion are now putting on fluttering evanescent draperies which make them look like butterflies in light and gorgeous wings. In other words they are wearing *robes de style* instead of *fourreaux*, or sheath dresses. There have been so many at recent weddings, at garden parties, at the races whenever a fine day came our way, and at all evening parties, that they may now clearly be said to be fashionable, whatever that funny word may mean. Anyway, if you like to look like an old picture you can, an old picture of a lady with full skirts I mean, and if you do not you need not, since *fourreaux* are also worn, though more by older women than girls.

This is curious, since the older woman, unless she is thin by nature or by strict diet and gymnastics, is not so built as to wear *fourreaux* gracefully, whereas in full skirts she can disguise the heavy hand of Time more successfully. The great maker of picture dresses is, of course, Lanvin. She, more than any dressmaker, loves them and excels in designing them. She made several dresses for Mlle. de Cahen's wedding and also the wedding dress of silver cloth. She has a way of making the fullest skirts look graceful and she gives a demure smile to all her fichus and frills and sleeves. But she can and does make other dresses of quite a different character. There is the navy blue chiffon dress in the sketch trimmed with patches of blue and white check chiffon and an excited bow and ends. The other dress of dark rose pink satin has a navy blue tie like a schoolgirl's and a skirt that is almost picture, but not quite. Under the navy blue cape trimmed with an adorable printed crêpe de chine of blue in three soft tones, beige and white, is worn a dress of the same printed crêpe. With a big blue hat, how charming!

Blue is and always will be "the sweetest colour that's worn," but it has to be treated with a dose of Parisian style or it can look so silly. It is a "sweet" and a "pretty" colour and that is the trouble in these jazzing independent days. At the Embassy garden party it was worn rightly and wrongly. There was a smart young woman in a long navy blue coat with a felt hat much lighter, but not shockingly vivid. There was a wraith of a woman past her youth all in royal blue from head to foot. There was a darling creature of eighteen in a soft printed chiffon of all the tender blues and streaks of beige with a beige straw hat and beige shoes and stockings, who won my heart. And so it goes with all colours. Any colour can be worn by any woman if she knows how to keep it in its place to suit her age and style. It is strange that Englishwomen are so good at colour in house decoration and in dressing children, and so often unsuccessful in colour schemes for their clothes.

At the Cercle Interallié there have been all sorts of gay doings this month and dress has been very grand indeed. You notice the good frocks particularly in this club because there are also so many old-fashioned French ladies there who do not dress in the modern way. When Marshal Foch comes to dinner he is surrounded by dignified ladies in old-fashioned dresses, well dressed hair and beautiful jewels. To the younger generation is the fun of wearing taffeta, chiffon, georgette and all the other dainty materials made up into short skirts and minute bodices.

A printed crêpe de chine in three shades of blue with beige and white is used by Lanvin for a dress with a full skirt and the lining of its blue cloth cape

Once more Lanvin steps into the breach between the sheath dress and the ample line with a navy blue and white chiffon dress which has a fluttering panelled skirt and excited bow and ends on the shoulder

Eve in Paris

The shooting gallery at the Fête de Neuilly is popular with "les sportives" who have driven there in their own little 5 C.V. Simple frocks are the order of the day when one visits "la foire," and those above are typical examples. The first is from Lucien Lelong with a frilly, kilted skirt and embroidered sleeves. From Amy Linker the tailored suit and from Lucile the more feminine gown of grey and white

VERY solemnly, as if imparting a state secret, the *Grand Couturier* (I have already forgotten whether his name was Jean, Lucien or Paul) confided to me that, this year, it will *not* be "the thing" for *la femme chic* to return from the sea (mountain or country-side!) tanned *à la* Fairbanks, or looking like a piece of tired gingerbread for, alas, we do not all tan to the rich, ripe shade that, for so many seasons, has been our aim.

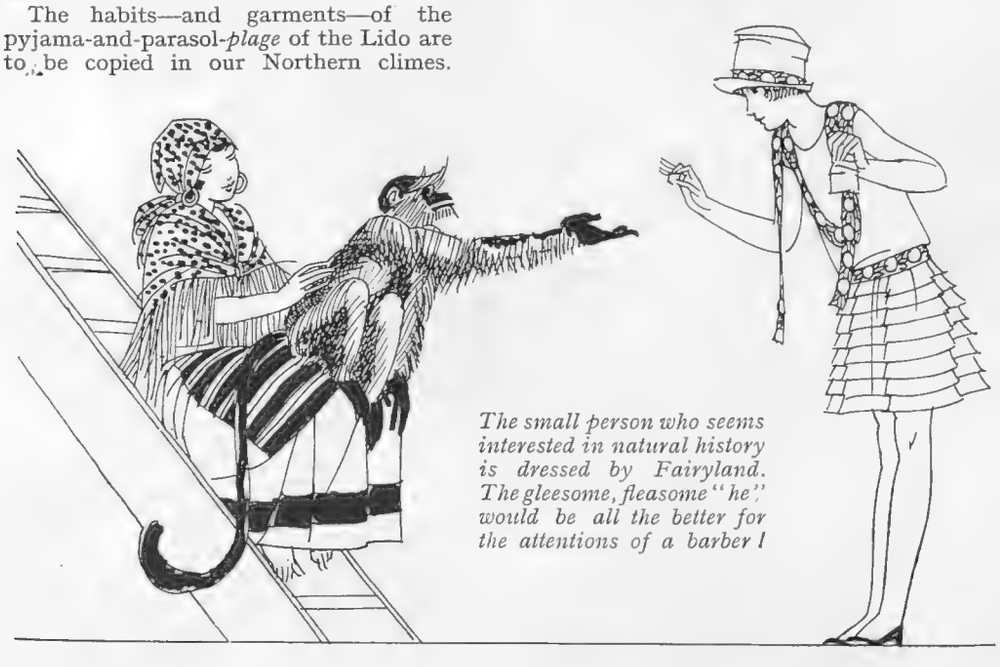
The habits—and garments—of the pyjama-and-parasol-*plage* of the Lido are to be copied in our Northern climes. From Dinard to Ostend, *en passant par* Deauville (and others), we are to care for our complexions. Our legs are to be trousered, our arms garbed, our necks high-buttoned and our heads protected.

I fear that my only reply was an appreciative giggle. Clothes will be more then welcome for, at the time of writing the fear of sunburn does not strike deep; far more, in this pleasant "summer" weather do we fear pneumonia and for that reason—and that alone, we are ready to welcome all the muffling that can be devised. Personally I am planning a deep-sea diver's suit . . . with central heating and violet rays laid on!

If, however, by some great, wonderful, God-sent miracle, "Summer" really happens nothing—no ukase of fashion, no consideration of what is or what is not "the thing"—will prevent me from basking in that rare and marvellous gift of the gods: sunshine! I shall put my new-fashioned bathing suit aside for my winter walks in the Bois (or for cleaning the car when the professional washer is on strike . . . he usually is in my garage!), and I shall wallow in the warmth of the sun's rays, my costume will be as scanty as the laws of the country allow—and once past the notice boards scantier still. Meanwhile I shiver in Paris and find myself taking the "Metro" during the rush hours in order to get warm. The bargain counters of the big shops are quite good for that sort of thing too—only it annoys my maid to have to send the things back when they are delivered next day.

A rather entertaining scrum (I quite got hot over it!), happened at the Volney the other afternoon when a charity sale of books was held to raise funds for the "Association des Anciens Combattants" of the literary world. All the celebrated authors (and "esses") who could be coaxed to attend were there—and many had responded to the appeal. They sold their own books, throwing in their signatures on the fly-leaf and a dedication in accordance with the generosity of the buyer—for, naturally, one paid anything one could afford to pay over and above the fixed, "net" price of the volume.

I am sorry to say that the two or three venerable Academiciens who were present were not the authors who "sold best," and they left rather early—in a huff, apparently, for even President Doumergue, who patronised the affair, did not seem to have any wish to acquire either the philosophical or scientific works that the greybeards sold! On the other hand he went away with more than one volume by Colette, who was there in person (most



The small person who seems interested in natural history is dressed by Fairyland. The gleesome, fleasome "he" would be all the better for the attentions of a barber!

charmingly dressed by Lucien Lelong, who has the knack of making the best of his plump clients!). One of her manuscripts, a short story, was put up for sale by André de Fouquières and "fetched" five hundred francs. Maurice Dekobra sold hugely. His last novel, "La Gondole des Chimères," is a "best-seller," like the other two to which it is a sequel: "Mon Cœur au ralenti" and "La Madonne des Sleepings." Personally I enjoy them muchly, they are jolly well written, and certainly have a way of carrying one on so that one is utterly absorbed in the thrilling adventures of the Lady Diana Wynham, who is as attractive as she is entirely un-moral.

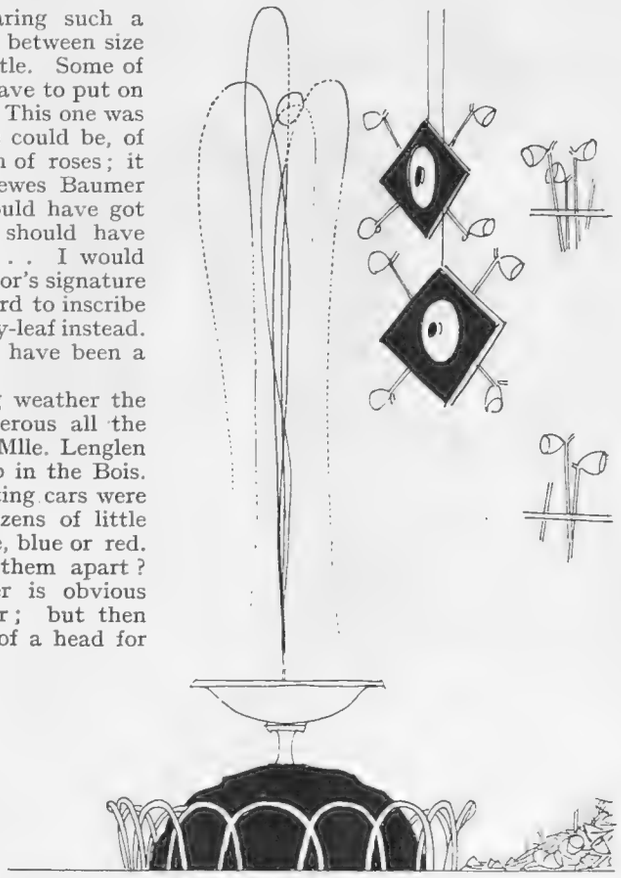
Romain Dorgelès sold well also. He wrote "Croix de Bois" and "Saint Magloire." The latter being as poor as the former is good. He has also written reminiscences of the Far East that are great. "Sur la Route Mandarine" contains many vivid pages. He married fairly recently. His wife is Mme. Hania Routchine, the singer. She has a lovely voice, and when she was on the stage she was very charming to watch. Years before the war I saw her dance at Ostend with Meg Villars, and one used to meet her at studio parties at her sister's place—Sonia Routchine is a well-known artist—and at Henry Fournier's. This spring she gave a recital at the Salle Gaveau that was quite well attended.

Mme. Armand Massard was selling books for various poets who shall be nameless, at Mme. Catulle Mendes' stall, and her charming personality helped to dispose of some volumes of verse that . . . well even the most poetic inclined find that life is too short for certain species of poems, don't they?

Mme. Massard was wearing such a pretty hat. A betwixt and between size not too big and not too little. Some of us nowadays look as if we have to put on our hats with a shoehorn! This one was just right and as simple as could be, of black straw with a wreath of roses; it framed her pretty little Lewes Baumer face to perfection. If I could have got near the stall I think I should have bought those poems, too . . . I would have done without the author's signature though, and got Mme. Massard to inscribe her milliner's name on the fly-leaf instead. Personally I think it must have been a Marthe Régnier.

In spite of the appalling weather the spectators have been numerous all the week to see Miss Wills or Mlle. Lenglen playing at the Racing Club in the Bois. All round the lake the waiting cars were lined up. Dozens and dozens of little "5 C.V.s" fawn, chocolate, blue or red. How can their owners tell them apart? Yes—of course, the answer is obvious—one goes by the number; but then some of us haven't much of a head for figures. Pretty Mlle. Rahna, who has had such a big success in the new revue at the Théatre de l'Avenue, got into the wrong car the other night and only found out her mistake when she got home to her own garage. She rang up the right owner, who hadn't noticed the difference, and had gone off with Rahna's, and the owner thought a practical joke was being played on her and "hung up" on the dancer with a pretty show of temper, only to have to ring up and apologise next morning when she found that indeed

(*Continued on page* 738)



Nicole Groult is responsible for the jumper suit of Paris cloth with it's braid trimming and white belt. Jane Regny makes this semi-tailored frock of fresca. The cape-frock is from Tollmann; the foulard and rep ensemble from Lucien Lelong

Hennijc

THE BERET FOLLOWS BOROTRA FROM THE PAYS BASQUE

"The blue beret"

There is something about the beret Basque which seems to recommend it to people who do things. This self portrait of Gluck, which was among her interesting and delightful studies of "Stage and Country" at the Fine Art Galleries shows that she is one of its keen supporters

Miss Carstairs

Miss Joan Carstairs is, literally, a leader in the motor world—she was first home in the eliminating trial race to select a team of motor boats to represent Great Britain—and wears a beret when at the wheel of the "Newg"

In "Eve's Leaves" a Cecil B. de Mille production Miss Leatrice Joy, as the engaging tom-boy daughter of a skipper, wears trousers, shirt and a beret

Leatrice Joy

Bertram Park

The Hon. Mrs. Adam

Mrs. Adam, the well-known yachtswoman who accompanies her husband on the yacht "The Black Jake," which she helps to work, also wears the becoming beret

CONFETTI

THE Government announces a Royal Commission on Bridges. The Poet Laureate is reported, however, to be quite unmoved.

IN this connection an old lady writes to say that she hopes the Royal Commission, when it deals with the Bridge of this country, will do away with the inflammatory double.

WEMBLEY has been privately sold to Mr. James White. One can't help feeling pleased that it was spared the indignity of being publicly knocked down by an auctioneer.

TWO women are coming over from the United States to swim the Channel. We have heard of better excuses, but this one will no doubt hold water.

BERLIN policemen are provided with india-rubber clubs. Over here they have to be content with ordinary night clubs.

A SCIENTIST tells us that a man's heart beats 12,160 times a day. With the present feminine fashions who can wonder at it?

A LONDON girls' school gives prizes for proficiency in trunk packing. Excellent practise for those girls who intend to become domestic servants!

SOMEONE has invented a golf club which stands up. Something similar is required in connection with scoring cards which are frequently rather apt to lie.

IT is not generally known that artificial silk is now produced from wood. In considering dress, therefore, one should always reflect that there may be a good deal in the stockings one buys.

FRIEND: *"But if your wife and family have gone to the seaside, why haven't you gone too?"*

MR. HENPECK: *"I—er—think they forgot me!"*

THERE was much disappointment in the Midlands about the wash-out of the wet-Test Match but the saddest case of all was that of a junior clerk who found he had killed his last remaining grandmother for a miserable 32 runs.

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER suggests that every woman should go on strike against wars. But it is only the other day that thousands of them went to war against strikes!

THE FOOT TEST

(A woman's character, says a boot-maker, can be told by her feet)

Chins are deceptive, Phyllis my dear,
Yours is a firm one, I own,
That may however be nothing to fear
More than the shape of your nose or your ear—
Just a protusion of bone!

Feet on the contrary tell, so they say,
What sort of person you be,
P'r'aps that accounts for your stocking display,
Planned my attention to spirit away
Right from your foot to your knee!

"CAT BURGLAR" writes to complain about the unauthorised adoption of his title by any mere burglar who gets the cat.

ON hearing that Bobby Jones, the American golfer, had done the Sunningdale course in 66, a sour-looking man in the corner seat remarked that ths was impossible as the course wasn't even laid out till about '99!

WILD flowers, we are told, are plucked far too freely at this time of the year. Enough to make *any* flower wild!

"IT is now possible to travel from Edinburgh to London by bus." Or by scooter, for that matter!

A LONDON physician says that by shingling women have added ten years to their lives. A short cut to longevity!

CITY men are said to make good gardeners. Company promoters especially are always delighted to proceed to their allotment.

"SOME of the back-hand driving at Wimbledon has been poor." Drivers have frequently overlooked the importance of keeping to the right side of the White Line.

CUCUMBERS are said to thrive best in gardens where there is a wireless aerial. One felt sure some useful purpose would be found for these things sooner or later.

HENRY COWELL, an American pianist who has been performing in London, uses his forearms and fists in playing. There is no doubt that he made a decided hit.

"SOLARIO, mounted by a jockey and a friend, carried her owner's sugar stick colours to due victory," says a descriptive writer from Ascot. Clever of her to carry the double burden, but where was the R.S.P.C.A.?

THE whole trouble with European politics, according to Mr. St. John Philby, is that the nations are not playing cricket with each other. It is understood that the Soviet is quite ready to send an eleven directly we can substitute a more proletarian name for "Lords."

HINT to sportsmen, suggested by recent experience: Before putting your shirt on a horse remember to remove the cuff-links.

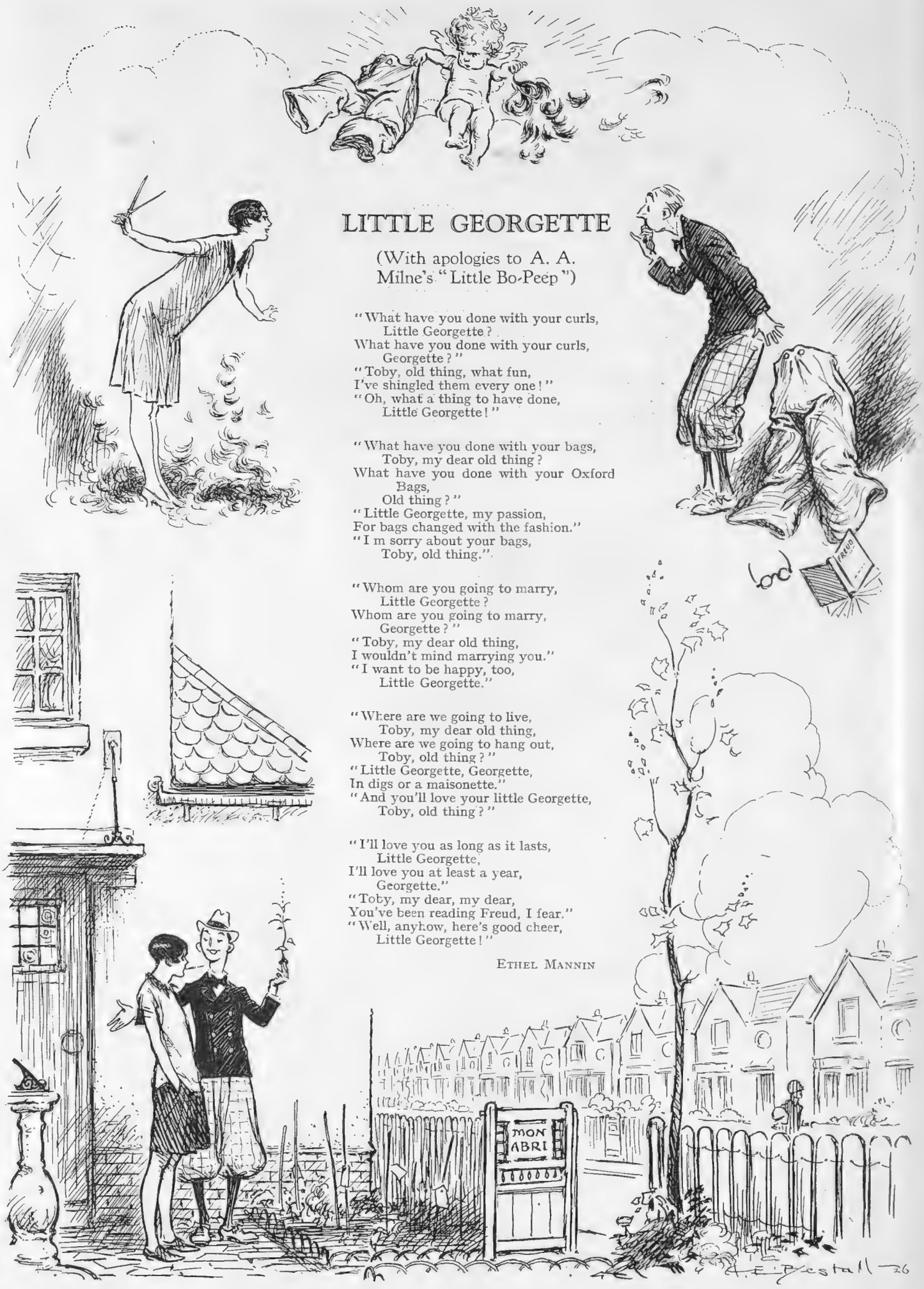
MR. JUSTICE ROWLATT says that many people save money for the fun of the thing. This surely disproves the libel that Scotsmen have no sense of humour.

"IT has always been expensive to take one's wife to Paris," says Corisande of the *Evening Standard*. On the other hand, some men find it much cheaper than going alone!

A VICTIM of insomnia writes facetiously to suggest that cricket matches should be played at night. By this means we might certainly promote a breed of bats-men!

"I HAVE a horror of a mended stocking," writes a dress gossip. In fact, it is a darned monstrosity!

ARTHUR TRISTRAM



LITTLE GEORGETTE

(With apologies to A. A. Milne's "Little Bo-Peep")

"What have you done with your curls,
Little Georgette?
What have you done with your curls,
Georgette?"
"Toby, old thing, what fun,
I've shingled them every one!"
"Oh, what a thing to have done,
Little Georgette!"

"What have you done with your bags,
Toby, my dear old thing?
What have you done with your Oxford
Bags,
Old thing?"
"Little Georgette, my passion,
For bags changed with the fashion."
"I m sorry about your bags,
Toby, old thing."

"Whom are you going to marry,
Little Georgette?
Whom are you going to marry,
Georgette?"
"Toby, my dear old thing,
I wouldn't mind marrying you."
"I want to be happy, too,
Little Georgette."

"Where are we going to live,
Toby, my dear old thing,
Where are we going to hang out,
Toby, old thing?"
"Little Georgette, Georgette,
In digs or a maisonette."
"And you'll love your little Georgette,
Toby, old thing?"

"I'll love you as long as it lasts,
Little Georgette,
I'll love you at least a year,
Georgette."
"Toby, my dear, my dear,
You've been reading Freud, I fear."
"Well, anyhow, here's good cheer,
Little Georgette!"

ETHEL MANNIN

THE SEWING PARTY

A graphic sketch of a group of French chorus girls for whom needles and stuffs are a common solution of their various temperaments during their half-hour's rest in a stuffy dressing-room

By Colette

(Translated by F. Maniez)

A SMALL dressing-room on the third floor, just a strip of a room like a passage; the only window overlooking an alley. An overheated radiator dries up the air, and each time the door opens the winding stair, like a shaft in a pit, sends up the heat from the lower stories mingled with the smell of warm humanity due to some sixty "supers."

Five of them are packed in there, sitting on straw-bottomed stools between the narrow ledge where the grease paints lie and the row of hooks, hidden by a grimy curtain that protects the costumes of the revue. They live here every evening from half-past seven until twenty past midnight (Sundays included), and twice a week in the afternoon from half-past one until six o'clock!

Anita is the first to arrive; she is out of breath; her cheeks are fresh and her lips moist. She falls back exclaiming: "Good God! I can't stick this; it's enough to make a cat sick!"

But she becomes acclimatised, coughs a bit and forgets all about it, because she has only time to undress and make up . . . a dress and undies are quicker to take off than a pair of kid gloves and they will hang up anywhere. But a moment comes when speed slackens and carelessness becomes carefulness: Anita pulls out the long pins from her hat and carefully replaces them in the same holes, and then proceeds religiously to shelter that poor gaudy monument, reminiscent of a redskin's headgear, a Phrygian bonnet and spring salad, within the protecting folds of an old newspaper; the greasy powder that flies out in clouds from the powder puffs means, as we all know, death and ruination to velvet and plumes.

Wilson comes in next, with an absent-minded air, and only half awake:

"I say . . . Oh hang! I wanted to tell you something, but I can't remember! Must have swallowed it on the way."

She too removes her hat according to the rites and lifts from her forehead a mass of blonde hair that hides an imperfectly healed scar:

"You don't know how badly my head still throbs . . ."

"Serve you jolly well right!" Anita breaks in sententiously. "When you get a bit of scenery biffed over yer top knot and it happens on the premises of such rotten bosses as ours who stall you off with two pennorth of ether on a wet rag, and don't even fork out half a dollar for a taxi or a vet! And when you stay at home half dead for a week, and even then haven't the guts to bring the management into court, it's no good grousing afterwards, you can jolly well shut up! My, if it had only been me!"

Wilson says nothing, occupied as she is, her face twisted askew in removing a golden hair that is sticking spitefully to her wound. Besides, Anita needs no reply! She is a born anarchist and a little fury . . . always ready to complain to the police or write to the papers.

Simultaneously arrive Régine Tallien, whose plump silhouette, like that of a little country serving wench, marks her out for the parts of pages and fairy princes; Maria Ancona, so dark that she comes to believe that she really is as Italian as she pretends; and little Garcin, a self-effaced, disquieting creature with furtive eyes and a false expression, as thin and timorous as a starving cat.

They do not greet each other: they meet so often; they are not rivals, since they all, except Maria Ancona, who dances a few steps of a tarantella, vegetate in the chorus. It is not on account of her "part" that little Garcin envies Maria; but because of her brand new stole of dyed fox!

They are not rivals, but neither are they friends, although a feeling of comradeship steals over them in that compact, narrow, stuffy cubicle; they are so warm, so close together that it gives them a sort of animal delectation and the forced jollity of captives.

Maria Ancona sings as she undoes her suspenders, which hold together with safety pins, and her corset with its broken lace. She laughs as she sees that her chemise is torn under the arm, and replies to Régine Tallien, who exhibits calico undergarments and the serviceable drill corset of a thrifty farm girl:

"What can I do, my dear, I have an artistic temperament! Besides, how can you expect me to keep my linen fresh under that beastly zinc armour?"

"Do like me," gently insinuates little Garcin, "don't wear any!"

She is dressed in trousers of trellised gold and pearls; two openwork metal discs adhere where one would expect her breasts to be. The sharp edges of the jewelled pendants, the ornaments of stamped copper, the clanking chains scrape and chaff against her bare flesh without her even noticing them. Her little boney frame seems quite insensible.

"Of course," Anita calls out, "the management ought to provide us with suitable undies for the stage! But you are all too d——d soft to stick up for yourselves!"

She turns to her mates: her face with its unfinished make-up is like a white mask with red spectacles, and it gives her the ferocious expression of a Polynesian warrior. Still holding

(*Continued on page* 720)

Lady Rhondda

By VIOLA TREE

Continuing the Special Series of

WOMEN OF THE DAY

No. 6—Lady Rhondda

MARGARET HAIG, who succeeded in 1918 to her father's title and to many of his interests, was born in 1883. It is interesting to think that so young a woman should have accomplished so much in so short a time; that she should have been, in the early twenties, a powerful advocate of women's rights. In 1908 she married Sir Humphry Mackworth.

Of the six women I have attempted to describe, Lady Rhondda is perhaps the most feminine, yet of all of them she has most of the man's might with her woman's mind.

Of them all, except perhaps Lady Scott, she has been the one to achieve what men achieve, though one must admit that she inherited the power and the money to command as men command.

A daughter of D. H. Thomas, she inherited and emulated his business power. Every intricate detail of the famous colliery owner's enterprises became familiar to her, and in time many of them came under her control. Enormous sums of money were allotted, distributed and continually passing through her hands. When her father, whom she worshipped, died during the war, when he was Food Controller, she kept on, spurred by her love for his work, which is only another form of love for him.

Her work, she says, remains with her every hour of the twenty-four.

In appearance she is gentle and comely, very soft and undidatic, with a disarming, melting manner. It is rather strange that with her peacefulness and good sense she should have been through the obstinate and unimaginative phase of being a militant suffragette, and that now her great wish should be to take her seat in the House of Lords.

The ideal way to write of famous people (however diffidently, and with however great an inferiority complex) would be to agree with them, and fight their battles as one went along. However, as the ideal is hardly ever possible, I must admit that a seat in the House of Lords or a seat in the Commons seems to me a waste of time for a woman with such power and such intelligence as Lady Rhondda—or, for the matter of that, for any of the intelligent women who are now sitting like poor little lost canaries in a row of hardened sparrows!

It has been said so often that women can influence men in their own homes, or through their own brothers, fathers or husbands, that people have ceased to reiterate it; but it seems to me that Lady Rhondda would waste her calm, powerful and persuasive personality on the desert air of the House of Lords, and that the bold and challenging signature, "Rhondda," with which she signs her business letters, would work greater miracles than her actual presence in that ancient House.

But even as I think this I realise what a tremendous intelligence I am up against. She would refute my arguments in one moment, and, with a suave severity, leave me without an argument or a leg to stand upon. Better men and women than I have collapsed on committees of which she is chairwoman when she has gently and almost silently pointed out the defects of a scheme.

I quarrel with her only in this, that she is one of the great exceptions possessing brains equal and *parallel* to men; and that so many less intelligent women try to make a rule by her great exceptional example, who have only the power to be Marthas or Sirens.

THE SEWING PARTY—*continued from page* 719

forth she ties the ends of a dirty silk rag over her head; this is the indescribable remnant of a handkerchief of which the object is to protect the hair from the brilliantine that saturates the property wigs.

"It's like this rag I've tied on my nut," Anita starts afresh, "maybe it disgusts you, but I shan't change it, no, I shan't! The management owes me one, and even if this one rots to pieces, I won't renew it. I'll have my rights, that's all I know!"

Her devastating rage is merely a flood of words, and does not stir them; even little wounded Wilson herself shrugs her shoulders.

The hour grows later. To the unbreathable dryness of the air is added a stale odour reminiscent of a hot dormitory. From time to time a dresser glides sideways into the cubicle and squeezes along somehow, hooking this one up, tying the strings of a pair of tights or the tags of a Grecian buskin.

Régine Tallien and Wilson, halberd in hand, have already rushed to take part in a Renascence procession; Anita is hurrying behind Maria Ancona because a voice shouts on the stairs:

"Ladies of the Tarantella, am I to come up and fetch you?"

Little Garcin whose sexless grace is held in reserve for a Byzantine orgy is left by herself. From her shabby handbag she pulls out a thimble, scissors and some white sewing, and sets to work earnestly, perched up on the straw-bottomed stool. . . .

"Ah!" cries out Maria Ancona, as she returns panting, "she's at it already."

"Of course she is," chimes in Anita jealously, "for all she has to do when she is on."

A rush on the stairs and the sound of a ringing bell in the distance announce the end of the first act of the revue. Still a little dazed, and her head hurting, Wilson enters followed by Régine Tallien in her red wig. The usual daily truce of the interval has arrived, but instead of resting them, it seems to increase their febrility. Their tights loosened, their Neapolitan skirts discarded, they don their cotton dressing-gowns or kimonos stained with the grease paint. Self-consciously they fumble under the ledge with their bare feet, which they hide in shapeless slippers; and their white and red hands become suddenly careful as they start to unfold lengths of linen and rolls of imitation lace. Now they are all stooping over Maria Ancona's unfinished combination; the cynical little garment of a poor prostitute, transparent in texture and sewn with large clumsy stitches. Little Garcin is pleating linen as patiently as a mouse; Régine wastes" her time hemming handkerchiefs.

All five of them are seated on their high straw-bottomed stools; industrious and well behaved, as if they had at last reached the real goal of their day's work. They have one half-hour to themselves to do what they like in. During that one half-hour of recreation they became candid, cloistered sewing-women. They are suddenly silent as if spellbound, and even Anita the grumbler ceases to think about her rights; she is smiling mystically at a table centre with edgings of red.

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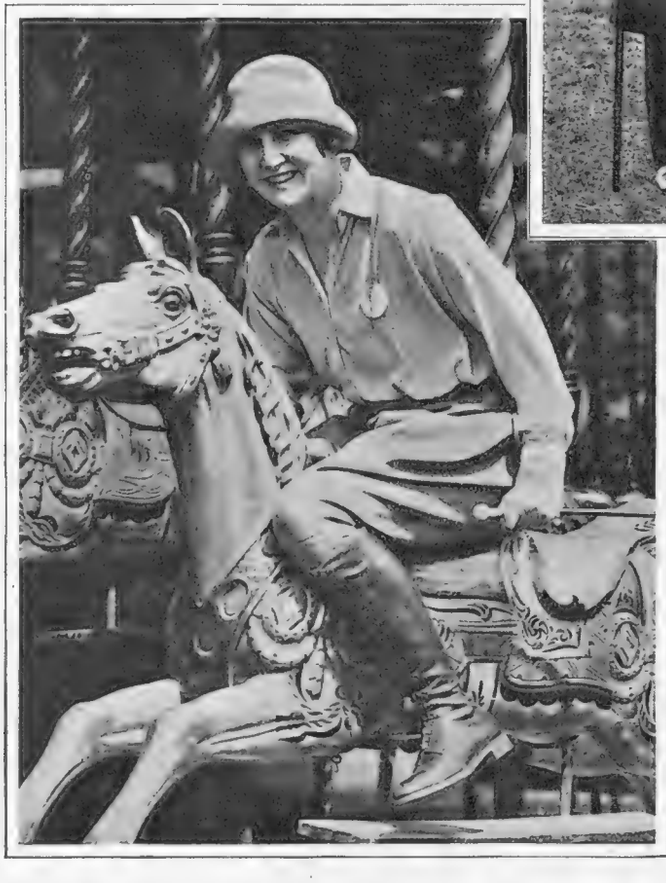
Lady Diana Cooper pegging out her claim during a hidden-treasure competition, one of the many "stunts"

For luck

Binnie Hale pinning a horse-shoe on to one of the Chelsea Pensioners



Fay Compton does some rough-riding on the merry-go-round

Fay Compton offered £10 to anyone who could lift her pet rabbit by the ears. Money for nothing, but—the rabbit was born minus these appendages

May we introduce...

Spinelly (right) and Hermione Baddeley displaying one of the catches in the fishing competition

THE STAGE AT CHELSEA

Moving spirits at the Theatrical Garden Party

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With Harlech Castle as a sentinel: the first tee

THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP AT HARLECH

The first two days' play described by Eleanor E. Helme

Mrs. Temple Dobell and Miss P. Garon after their match which Mrs. Dobell won on the 15th green

THIS is a case of taking oneself firmly in hand if proper justice is to be done to the play at Harlech. In the first place, it would be so easy to suggest what might have been done to avoid all the scratchings; and in the second, the temptation to sit down and rave over the beauty of the scenery is almost overwhelming. Imagine having a mediæval castle, or Snowden (when he deigns to show himself out of his cloud cap) as the line for your tee shot. Think of all the most beautiful courses you have ever played on, so far as surroundings go, roll them together, and then add the fascination of the foreign tongue all round you—for the caddies chatter incessantly to each other in Welsh—and you can imagine that there is something very delightful about this championship, even though the first two rounds have been reduced to something like farce by the number of scratchings. Miss Wethered never was an entrant; but, of course, the general strike is responsible for the absence of Miss Glenna Collett, Mrs. Cautley, Mrs. Latham Hall, Mrs. Alan Macbeth, and many another great and gallant player, including the entire company of Scottish players, or at least of all of them with any pretensions to international form. It must be owned

(*Continued on page* 726)

Miss Cecil Leitch, Champion for the fourth time, with Mrs. King, whom she beat 4 *and* 3 *in the* 4*th round*

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Miss Phyllis Lobbett

Taking it seriously

Mrs. Cavendish Fuller (Worcestershire) and (right) Miss P. Colgrave (Stoke Poges) on the 1st tee at Harlech

Mrs. Britten Jones

Over from France

Mme. André Vagliano (Chantilly) and right, Mlle. Thion de la Chaume (St. Cloud) the French Open and Close Champion

THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP AT HARLECH—*continued from page 724*

that on the first day it was very hard to find anybody who was playing, and as for the drawing of the sweep, as each name came out a well-trained chorus arose "who has scratched?" until some of the party even likened it to the chanting of the Litany. In this wilderness of walks-over, it was really quite impossible not to feel sorry for any good player who met her like and was defeated in the first round. Accordingly, we might have "Condolences of the Week" to Miss Phyllis Lobbett, Mrs. Alec Johnston, and Mrs. Gavin, who all fell on Monday morning, though they were defeated by such sound golf that congratulations to the victors really seems the more suitable way of putting it. Miss Lobbett owed her defeat by Mlle. Simone Thion de la Chaume to a few putts which went astray. Mrs. Johnston may blame herself bitterly for refusing to win the 19th, but she, too, had some marvellous putting to contend with from Miss Fitzgibbon, Ireland's left-handed player, and Mrs. Gavin had not only Miss Chambers' very fine golf up against her, but also a couple of stymies at the end of the round when she otherwise might just have held on longer. In the second round it again fell to Miss Chambers' lot to give the *congé* to a really good player, this time Miss Janet Jackson being the victim. Both played well, but Miss Chambers just had the better of the exchanges going out, and held on tenaciously to her valuable lead. Then there was very fine golf played by Mrs. McNair, who defeated Miss Cox over her own course, and though Miss Fowler could only beat Mrs. Shand one up, she had little enough reason to be dissatisfied, for Mrs. Shand knows every inch of Harlech, and the putts which she holed at the 15th, 16th and 17th were enough to break the stoutest heart. Visitors from overseas are always welcome, and it was hard lines on them that two of them fell victims in one day to Miss Cecil Leitch, Mrs. Britten Jones, of Royal Adelaide, losing 6 and 4 to her in the morning, and Miss Mary Mann 7 and 5 in the afternoon. The latter fought particularly bravely at the start, getting one up and seeming able to hold her own for the first few holes. Then away went Miss Leitch, and won by 7 and 5.

Third and Fourth Rounds—Tuesday

The weather on Tuesday was even better than the day before, and the hills more beautiful, so that there really was every excuse if anybody looked up at them instead of down at the "wee ballie." (Eve must be forgiven if she occasionally breaks into Scots after that delightful sojourn at Cruden Bay, from which she only narrowly escaped without a tartan umbrella!) It was on the Tuesday morning that Miss Cecil Leitch first began to play golf of the real authentic kind, not only beating Mrs. Lewis Smith 8 and 7, but incidentally taking those 11 holes of the match in no more than 47,

(*Continued on page* 740)

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Fine Kid, soft of texture and coloured like a peach, shapes these well-cut shoes. Soles of good pliant leather, and graceful Louis heels. The collar of Lizard glacé—faded brown with deeper brown markings—adds a touch of the *bizarre*. **35/9**

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EVE AT GOLF

The Scottish Championship

Described by

Eleanor E. Helme

CONGRATULATIONS OF THE WEEK

To Miss M. J. Wood on becoming Scottish champion, and to Mrs. Jack Cochrane on being runner-up

MISS M. J. WOOD, of Gullane, has crowned many very excellent efforts in Scottish golf by becoming champion, and nobody can say that she did not deserve it. True, hers was not the hardest row to hoe in the championship, and it is notable that all the great ones who were near each other in the first round fell by the way, leaving two receivers of byes to fight it out for final honours. Even then they were sufficiently tired, and were thankful that the proposition for a 36-hole final had not materialised. There are longer players than Miss Wood both in Scotland and out of it, but few are greater experts at the "poached egg" approach, or the holding of long putts—not forgetting the short ones—or the putting dead of those that nobody could hope to hole. Her short game, indeed, is in every way worthy of a Scottish or any other champion, and she will make a reliable head of the Scottish team at Newcastle next year. Mrs. Jack Cochrane, the runner up, was first heard of when she took Miss Wethered further than anybody else in the 1921 Open Championship at Turnberry, when the latter was runner up to Miss Leitch. Indeed, she seems a player apt to spring surprises, since it was not generally expected beforehand that she would be the survivor into the semi-final at Cruden Bay this year, popular fancy having decided that Miss Joan Gow's excellent golf was long overdue for a medal.

Mrs. Jack Cochrane

The runner-up to Miss M. J. Wood. Mrs. Cochrane (Banchory) was beaten 2 and 1

The new Scottish Champion

Miss M. J. Wood, a member of Gullane, who defeated Mrs. Jack Cochrane in the final of the Ladies' Scottish Championship

FIRST ROUND

In the first round there was only one really authentic thrill, and that was Mrs. Buchanan's win at the 20th hole from Miss Betty Inglis, the latter a young player who must surely come to the fore when her temperament equals her style. In that match there was really brilliant golf from both of them, holes being won in "birdies," and Mrs. Buchanan's early lead being pulled back by beautiful golf from Miss Inglis, such as her four at the 7th and her three at the 8th. Eventually the match was halved, the best ball of it having got round in 76, which is something more than passing good, and then they halved the 19th in par five, and at the 20th Mrs. Buchanan ran down a long putt for a three. That was great golf as well as the longest struggle of the morning. At the other end of the scale there was Mrs. Watson's 9 and 8 win, and the 8 and 7 victories of Miss Helen Gray, who will surely be heard of again when she has a little more golf over her head, and of Mrs. Bamber, who was so cruel to her opponent as to take those eleven holes of the match in 47.

SECOND ROUND

It was about then that people began to say that Mrs. Bamber was going to carry off the championship as well as the Quaich and the score competition, and though she did not play quite so well in the afternoon she got through. Every champion must be allowed one shaky round before she wins her title; the only question is whether it comes at a moment when the chances she offers will not be taken. In the afternoon more matches went beyond the 18th, Miss Everard beating Mrs. Christie at the 19th, and Miss M. A. Roberston going to the 20th before she could win from Miss Carmichael. Her caddie's heart must naturally have sunk, thinking he was in for a 23rd hole again, as he had been with Miss Robertson in the EVE Foursomes, but he was spared that, though a few couples further on Miss Middlemas did actually go to the 22nd before winning with a long putt from Miss Carruthers. Of the two matches of this round which ought to have produced mighty struggles the first was a little disappointing. Neither Mrs. Watson nor Miss Audrey Kyle were at their best, and Mrs. Watson won a not particularly interesting match by 3 and 2. Miss Montgomery and Miss Joan Gow, however, both played excellently to the turn, Miss Montgomery being out in 41 and turning one up. After that there were two little visits to the burn and an out of bounds, and Miss Gow, keeping steadily on an excellent way, even when that included some severe mountaineering at the 15th, where she recovered nobly, won the match by 4 and 3. Miss Couper, the 1925 EVE Foursomes winner went out 3 and 1 to the superior steadiness of Miss K. Cochrane.

THIRD ROUND

That finished Tuesday, and on Wednesday morning the fun began in real earnest in the shape of a struggle between Mrs. Bamber and Mrs. Watson, on which the fate of the championship was popularly supposed to hang. As it happened, nothing of the sort was the case, but that did not prevent the match being really thrilling at the time. Mrs. Bamber took the lead first and hung on to it until they had toiled up Jacob's ladder to the 9th. There Mrs. Watson, who had been fighting against apparent nervousness and still more apparent bad luck, got the better of both by putting a chip near enough to get down in one putt. Mrs. Watson's four to the 14th, which squared the match, was as plucky a bit of work as the whole championship produced. That was the moment to crowd on sail, and she did it by getting a fine three at the 15th to be one up for the first time of the round. She pushed away into the bents at the 16th, but steadying herself with some remembered precepts of Miss Cecil Leitch as to how to get out of trouble, she put the next shot near enough to the hole to get down a longish putt for her three, accompanied by distant but inspiring strains on the bagpipes! But the pipes were just as inspiring to Mrs. Bamber, even if she does live down south nowadays, for she ran down hers of a foot or so less for the half. But at the 17th a bunker claimed her irretrievably, and Mrs. Watson, playing the hole faultlessly, won it and the match 2 and 1. That had been so great a match that the watching of others had to be neglected, or there might be much to say of how Mrs. Percy got home three and one after never being up till the 12th, or of Miss Wood's desperate struggle against Miss M. Robertson. In fact all the survivors seemed to have some anxious moments, not even excepting Miss Gow against young Miss Macdonald, who had created some mild surprise by beating her elder club mate, Mrs. Buchanan, 3 and 1 the previous day. The only two people that morning to get really large wins were Miss M. Park, the holder of the EVE Scottish Cup, and Miss Hilda Cameron, both of these winning their matches by 8 and 6.

FOURTH ROUND, WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

The first match off in the fourth round was really an affair to make you weep. There was Miss McCulloch driving the ball so far, for instance, that she only needed a mashie for her second at the 7th, and then being entirely unable to do anything except push the ball gently off into the rough because,

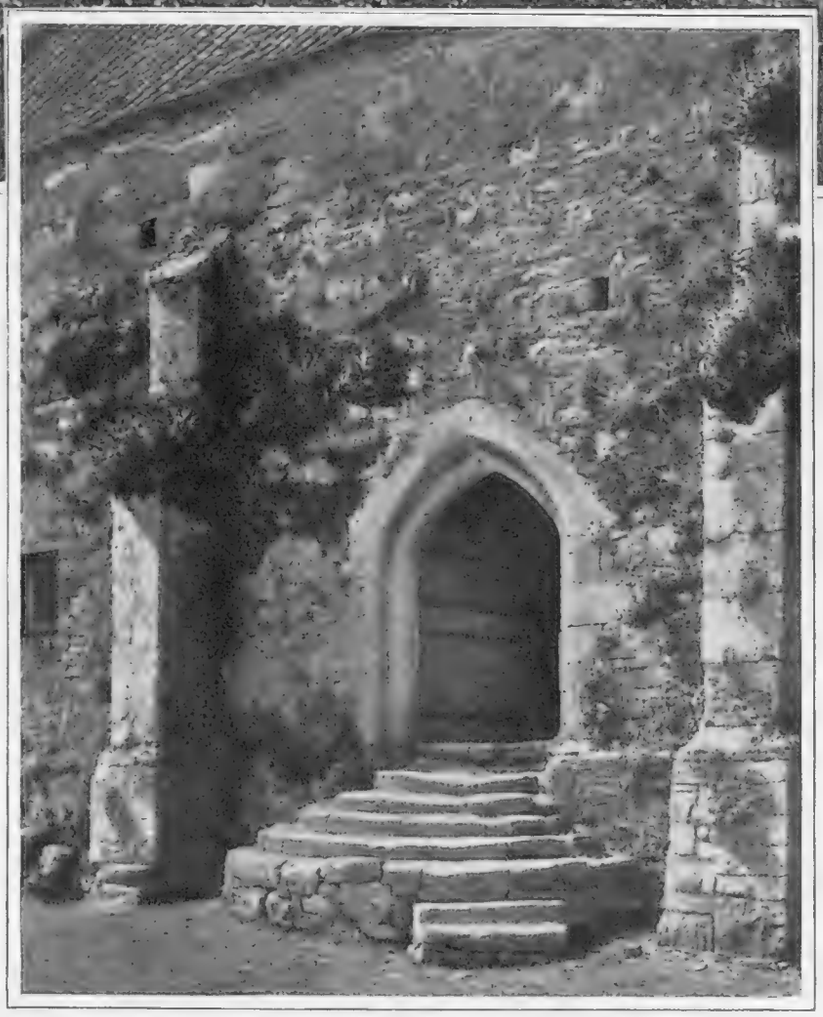
(*Continued on page* 738)

WOODSPRING PRIORY

A 13th century gem

Woodspring Priory was founded in 1210 *by William de Courtenai, a grandson of de Tracy, who was one of the four murderers of Thomas à Becket. It was built in expiation of the crime, or to put it in William de Courtenai's own words, "for the welfare of the soul of Robert de Courtenai my father, and of my mother and of myself, also my wife, my ancestors and descendants." It was a small establishment probably occupied by not more than ten canons of the order of St. Victor—a subdivision of the Augustinians. In* 1534 *the last prior acknowledged Henry VIII as head of the English Church, and after the Dissolution, part of the once sacred edifice was converted into a three-story dwelling house. Chimneys appeared through the roof of the nave and domestic additions were built on the north side. Excavations on the east side have brought to light the foundations of other parts of the building, long since disappeared, also keys, coins, pots and encaustic tiles bearing the arms of England, France and the Isle of Man. The house is now occupied by Mr. V. T. Hill, the well known ex-cricketer*

Photographs by Edgar and Winifred Ward



The doorway of the 15*th century tithe barn*

EVE GOES SHOPPING

By M. E. Brooke

The Cam-Petti-Knick has made its debut chaperoned by Jenners, of Princes Street, Edinburgh. It consists of three garments with only one pair of shoulder straps

It is of Shetland wool that this Cardigan and sleeveless waistcoat are fashioned, the stockings being of Scotch fingering wool. They owe their origin to Jenners, of Princes Street, Edinburgh

UNDENIABLE REDUCTIONS

MONDAY next is a red-letter day in the calendar of the well-dressed woman, as it is then that Bradleys' (Chepstow Place, W.), summer sale begins, and continues throughout the month. They will on request gladly send their profusely illustrated catalogue. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact that there are velour stockinette tailored suits in grey, rust and tan for two guineas. Such wonderful value do these represent that they will be all sold on the first day. A Paris model tailored suit in navy hopsack trimmed with black braid, the coat lined with crêpe de chine is 6½ guineas, original price £38. Again there are ribbon hats from 12s. 11d.—they were from 69s. 6d.—and matrons' hats trimmed with velvet and tissue have had their cost reduced from three guineas to 39s. 6d. Bargains are the order of the day in Paris model wraps, for instance, one of bottle green wool Ottoman trimmed with nutria and lined with satin is 17½ guineas instead of £105.

A SALE OF FURS

THE City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., whose sale is in progress have reduced the prices of all their furs by 33⅓ per cent. On request they will gladly send their catalogue. Included in it are electric seal coney coats, walking length, for 16½ guineas and then there are French beaver coney coats for 12 guineas. It must be related, too, that natural stone marten choker ties are 5½ guineas, and that straight ties of sable Kolinsky made from choice silky skins are 3½ guineas.

SHETLAND COATS AND CARDIGANS

INTELLIGENT women have long ago recognised the fact that there is nothing better for Cardigans and waistcoats for sports and country wear in general than Shetland wool, and as a consequence they cannot fail to be interested in the garments pictured at the top of this page, which come from Jenners, Princes Street, Edinburgh. On the right is a Cardigan coat knitted in Shetland wool, with an open-work design; it is 22s. 6d. Resting beside this is a hand-knit sleeveless waistcoat of the same wool, the Fair Isle border being expressed in wool and silk; of it one may become the possessor for 23s. 6d. Neither must it be overlooked that Scotch fingering wool makes the stockings.

THE CAMI-PETTI-KNICK

A NEW garment that has made its debut chaperoned by Jenners, Princes Street, Edinburgh, is a Cam-Petti-Knick; an illustration of the same appears on the left of this page. It is fashioned of Celan-Milanese, a non-laddering artificial silk. It is really three garments having only one pair of shoulder straps, being non-transparent it is particularly suitable for tennis and sports wear. Notwithstanding its manifold advantages it only costs 29s. 6d. Another new garment is the cami-bocker; it is similar to the one portrayed. It is, however, innocent of the neat wrap-round skirt. It is merely 21s.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

ONE week is the time that Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., have allotted to their summer sale. It begins on Monday next and terminates on the following Saturday, Friday being remnant day. A profusely illustrated catalogue has been issued in connection with the event. It will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper. The Parisian models have had their prices literally slaughtered. Holiday frocks for children are available from 10s., 15s. and 20s., and for members of the older generation there are Winceyette pyjamas for 4s. 11d.

(*Continued on page* 732)

Many versions of beret crowns are represented in the felt hats of to-day. None, however, are more attractive than those above, which come from Robert Heath, 37, Knightsbridge, S.W.

Exquisite Beauty

and

Guaranteed Reliability

The name Ingersoll on the dial of a watch has always signified exceptional time-keeping qualities and value.

In the new Ingersoll Jewelled Wrist Watches you find the same high standard of excellence allied with beauty and fine finish. The two new Ingersolls are the Gem for ladies and Elite for men. The Ingersoll Gem in Solid Gold cases (4 styles with silk bands and 2 styles with Gold bracelets); also in 14-carat Gold-Filled case, and in Sterling Silver, ranges from 110/- down to 65/-. The Elite is obtainable in Sterling Silver and 14-carat 20 year Gold-Filled with Plain or Radiolite Dials, at prices from 85/- down to 65/-.

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15 JEWELLED LEVER WATCHES

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BRADLEY FURS

AT SUMMER PRICES

During the Summer months all Bradley furs are marked at Special Prices and new collections of exclusive models for next Winter may now be seen in our Salons. Especial attention is drawn to the creations in Broadtail and Mink, as we recently purchased large quantities of these furs on most advantageous terms and are enabled to quote extremely attractive prices.

Now is the time to have your furs re-fashioned. Our advance Winter models are at your service as a basis for re-modelling on the new lines and special Summer prices are being quoted for this work. New and re-modelled Furs will be stored *free of charge* until required for the winter.

Bradleys
Chepstow Place L^D
London, W.2.
PARK 1200

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

EVE GOES SHOPPING

(*continued from page 730*)

Included in the summer sale of Walpole Bros. are these altogether charming frocks of crêpe and cotton eponge

A SALE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

THE sale at Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, Sloane Street, and Kensington High Street, W., is in progress and will continue throughout July. Included in it are the two frocks seen on this page. One is of cotton eponge and the other of crêpe. Illustrations of other frocks will be found in the catalogue sent gratis and post free on application. A fact that cannot be too widely disseminated is that this firm is offering their household linens at the lowest prices since 1914. Notwithstanding the unusual reductions the quality is the same as before. Among the notable bargains are the hemstitched linen sheets which in single bed size are 22s. 9d. per pair, while French linen sheets hemstitched but unlaundered are from 30s. per pair. Again there are linen pillowcases hemstitched for 3s. 11d. each. Neither must it be overlooked that there are hemmed cotton sheets suitable for maids' use, plain or twill, for 10s. 9d. per pair. Pure damask tablecloths and napkins have all had their prices reduced to a minimum. Then for children there are pretty little smocks of white haircord for 11s. 9d. and simple white linen washing hats for 6s. 11d.

It is for matrons that Madame Raymonde builds her hats. They are sold by all milliners of prestige in large and small fittings

FROCKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

ALL seeking inexpensive frocks for holiday wear must wend their way to Garroulds, in the Edgware Road. They are responsible for the white Celanese dress pictured on this page, which is pleasantly priced at 27s. 11d. Bordered voile dresses with V-neck and short sleeves are 15s. 11d., while those of printed voile reinforced with long sleeves and ornamented with crêpe de chine are 21s. For the days when the sun declines to shine there are repp coat frocks of the jumper character for 29s. 11d.

NOTABLE CONCESSIONS

NOTABLE are the concessions that have been made in the prices of everything in the summer sale now proceeding in the London Glove Co.'s salons 82 and 83, New Bond Street, W., and 45 and 45a, Cheapside, E.C. A profusely illustrated catalogue has been issued in connection with this event. It will be sent gratis and post free. Included in it are white or chamois coloured gloves in washable doeskin for 4s. 6d. per pair; sac shape "wear-clean" doeskin gloves of a similar character are 4s. 8d.

ADMIRABLE SHOES FOR TEN SHILLINGS

AS footwear improves by keeping it is splendid news that Manfields, 170, Regent Street, W. are having a sale. Suède, patent and other leather shoes have had their prices reduced to 10s., 15s. and 19s. per pair, and there is an infinite variety of evening shoes for the first-mentioned price.

Simplicity is the salient feature of this white Celanese frock. It may be studied in the salons of that old-established firm of Garroulds in the Edgware Road, W.

'Celanese' underwear designs are produced by fashion experts expressing the newest in Lingerie ideas. And 'Celanese' fabrics are so exquisitely fine and silk-like that the dainty garments seem just built for coolness on active summer days. See the full range of smart 'Celanese' styles, in Tricot, *washable* Satin, *Ladderproof* Milanese, and Crepe-knit, at your drapers. They are very reasonably priced and retain their softness and lustre in spite of repeated washings.

WASH AS SILK Celanese TRADE MARK MADE IN UNDERWEAR ENGLAND

All 'Celanese' Underwear is valued for its scientific health-and-comfort property of insulation. Be sure you get the genuine 'Celanese'—always indentified by this woven Brand Tab stitched inside every garment.

'Celanese' UNDERWEAR

BRITISH CELANESE LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.1.

"I saved £20 last year by making my clothes at home"

I'LL never get tired of making them either. The amazing rapidity with which the Singer works keeps my enthusiasm at top pitch all the time. It is so easy, too, and such a variety of sewing effects can be obtained. Remember those cunning pleats and intricate embroidery work you admired on my last frock, they were as easy to perform as ordinary plain sewing, and almost as speedy.

That a Singer will stand an enormous amount of hard usage I feel confident. The Singer Company could not have built up such a world-wide organization otherwise.

SINGER
SEWING MACHINES
Hand, Treadle and Electric

¶ *Your local Singer Shop will gladly demonstrate them without any obligation whatever. See also the Bracket-type Electric Motor to convert ordinary Singers for effortless Electric Sewing. The easiest of easy payments can be arranged where desired—write or call to-day.*

There's a Singer Shop in your Town!

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO. LTD.
St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.4

ART AS A "TRADE"

The Zinkeisen Sisters, Doris and Anna, turn their talents to good account

Two Wedgwood plaques of attractive design; the one on the left representing Eve, and the one on the right, Adam

This Wedgwood plaque, instinct with character, is entitled "The Wind"

THE recent exhibition of Wedgwood portraiture, new and old, and other beauties of the Wedgwood art brought to light the fact that the best allegorical designs for this firm, although not quite the only new ones since the great days of Flaxman, were drawn and modelled by a modern girl — a girl from our often derided Royal Academy Schools. What is more, the best known woman stage designer, who has a style and a colour scheme quite unique, was also from the same school.

Both of them — Anna and Doris Zinkeisen — declare that, although they love painting for painting's sake, they are frankly concerned with commercial art.

In their great studio—not the usual Chelsea affair with a gallery, stacks of dusty canvas and draperies and ill-concealed domestic utensils, nor yet the ultra-modern and expensive Kensington studios of the luxurious, but a big double drawing-room in an old-fashioned house overlooking Regent's Park,

Photographs by Sasha

The dual Doris

Doris Zinkeisen, herself, standing beside the portrait painted by her sister Anna

Anna Zinkeisen at work in her studio

one sister, Doris, keeps miniature theatres modelled by herself on which she tries out her stage designs and décor. Anna has a solid table covered with pieces of slate, wax and tiny tools—and both have easels, since, when they are tired of Art as a trade they turn to the painting of pictures. Both have work in the Paris Salon this year.

One of the oddest things about these two successes is that their art is so distinct. Colour is meat and drink to Doris Zinkeisen, as anyone who saw her designs for the "Way of the World" posters and dresses or her more recent work in the Cochran Revue will guess. She told me that when she designed the dresses for the "Nell Gwynn" film she had to do them all in colour, although one or two shades are all that are necessary for photographic purposes. There is plenty of scope for women artists in the theatre world to-day, and in the film world too; posters

(*Continued on page 740*)

Miss EVELYN LAYE
tells the secret of her lovely complexion

"It may interest you to know that I drink Barley Water and Lemon every day to purify the blood and keep my complexion clear and unblemished.

"I am convinced that Beauty is in the blood—that it depends, to an enormous extent, upon healthy, vigorous blood.

"Robinson's 'patent' Barley with lemon makes a refreshing, delicious drink, and helps me to keep fit and look fit in spite of long and arduous work."

Evelyn Laye

It takes only a few minutes to make Barley Water with Robinson's "patent" Barley—whereas it takes hours if pearl barley is used.

Miss Laye, who has recently been delighting vast audiences at the Shaftesbury Theatre as the fair "Betty" of "Betty in Mayfair," has discovered the secret of a beautiful complexion as well as a delicious and thirst-quenching beverage. Like thousands of other lovely women she drinks Barley Water daily for beauty's sake. Get your Robinson's "patent" Barley to-day.

KEEN, ROBINSON & CO., LTD., CARROW WORKS, NORWICH

ROBINSON'S "patent" BARLEY

MY FACE IS MY FORTUNE

The key to beauty

APART from the care of the eyes which, by ensuring their health enhances their beauty often in astonishing degree, a subject we considered last week, there are many ways in which natural deficiencies may be made good, and added charm imparted. The eyes are, by common consent, the key to beauty; and although it is obviously impossible to affect them directly by extraneous means, the improvement gained by judicious treatment of their surroundings is very marked.

WORTH NOTING

For one thing, a look of apparent age is very often given by the condition of the face around the eyes. Lines and incipient wrinkles, depressions and puffiness, all tend to the strained expression which bids farewell to youth; and, unfortunately, this is not infrequently seen on faces of the still young in years. What causes it? Well, who shall say? Motoring has something to say, no doubt; so has much tennis, eager watching of races and so on — all occupations which tend to the screwing up of the eyes and so lead on to lines. Late nights? Cocktails? Constant dancing in hot rooms? All these things have the same trend, and though there is no need, if we take care, to pay the price they otherwise exact, this jolly phase of modern life does call for some extra care round about the eyes, apart from anything else.

I dealt last week with the proper use of lotion in remedial treatment; but over and above this, the skin needs feeding. And this, because of the extreme delicacy of the skin and tissue in the region of the eyes, demands two things. First, that the skin food must be highly nutritive and possess also well-marked powers of penetration; secondly, that only the lightest touch is used on application. The two are really interdependent, for unless the cream does possess the character indicated, the light touch will not get into the skin, as it were. If it is rather hard, as sometimes happens in cold weather, melt it slightly. It wants to be soft, so that, after applying it to the lids, plentifully at the sides, and very little beneath the eyes, the lightest stroke with the tip of the third finger encircling the eyes, will serve to work it in. Cottonwool is the only thing permitted for removal, gently dabbed on until the skin is quite clear again.

LASHES AND BROWS

Care and cultivation will do a great deal for the lashes and brows which mean so much to beauty. The latter are open to expert treatment, and follow the whims of fashion very closely. At present, the delicately fine line of arched brows is more insisted upon for real beauty than it has been for generations, and the improvement which that same expert treatment effects is often amazing. Apart from this, the hair needs brushing and feeding; a tiny smear of vaseline put on at night, to the lashes especially, and to over-scanty brows, encourages a healthful growth. But if they are undeveloped, further help is needed, and it is a great pity to withhold it, for long, thick lashes are greater beautifiers to the eyes than words can say, and they are easily cultivated enough. In many cases a darkening of the natural colour can be induced with the added growth. And what is true of lashes is true also of brows. I may perhaps be forgiven reverting to the warniug I gave last week as to the necessity of care in the choice of preparations to be used in such close proximity to the eyes, but fortunately it is quite easy to stimulate and improve the growth by means which are quite innocuous. If there is any doubt as to such preparations, though, it is well to seek advice.

Muray Studios

Anna Duncan, the beautiful star dancer of the Isadora Duncan group

ARTISTIC TOUCHES

In many cases the colour of lashes remains obstinately uninteresting, even when the growth is satisfact ory. Then the only thing is to seek the aid of art. Providing the cosmetique used is of the best, and that it is carefully applied, the result is as natural as it is pleasing. Only very little should be used, especially at first, if the illusion of naturalness is to be maintained, so that the deepening may be sufficiently gradual to escape unkind comment. Lashes, too, will appear darker if they are carefully brushed, the tiniest touch of melted vaseline being applied to the brush before application. This careful use of the tiny soft brush provided for the purpose on brows and lashes as the final touch to the toilet, is often omitted for some inscrutable reason, and one sees otherwise well-turned-out faces with powder over these lines of hair which should show sharp and dark and clear, to give the keynote to the countenance. Strange, how anyone can be so careless!

Over and above lashes and brows, though, the beauty of the eyes can be enhanced a hundred-fold by the most discreet touch of shaded powder in their vicinity. This must be applied to the edge of the lids and just the corner of the eyes. For myself, I like for application a long strip of cottonwool wound around the top of an orange stick (one of those dedicated to manicure) until the top of it resembles a soft cottonwool cone. It gives sureness to the touch, and softness, so that the line of powder is easily blurred and shaded down. Only the merest hint, you must remember, is needed. And the powder must be of the right shade. For very dark blue eyes, and those of the rare violet, a blue powder does best. The more usual lighter blue would lose, instead of gain, apparent depth of colour by this, so that choice falls upon a soft grey-blue for them. The lovely dark velvety eyes, soft as a doe's, find their salvation in a touch of brown; but when they are deepened into the mysterious depths which pass for black —eyes for the most part sleepily half-opened with langorous charm, or maybe, of bird-like brightness—the brown of the powder should deepen too, and be virtually black, but for none other; while grey and hazel eyes are beautified out of all knowledge very often by the judicious touch of greyish-brown powder to their surroundings. These eyes, I think, even more than others answer to this artistic touch. Only very rarely without it do grey eyes, anyhow, develop their full potentialities of colour; they too often seen regretfully to acknowledge their failure to be blue, rather than to arrest attention by the loveliness of their dove-like tone. Just the tiniest touch of the proper powder to the lids and corners, and the trick is done!

X. Y. Z.

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OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES—*continued from page* 689

river when it is still young and unsophisticated—at Kelmscott or Bablockhythe. The panelled walls and the exquisitely carved overmantel are painted a soft water green; the long straight curtains are the deeper green of reeds, and they are so woven that here and there you catch silver gleams that are like sunrays striking a weir stream.

The shape of this room is too good to be true: a nice-minded modern architect having seen it would never smile again. His balance would be upset by the fireplace: this is practically in the middle of the room, and it stands cornerways—rather like "Bob Acres preparing to fight a duel!—and for some reason it juts out into the room. At its side is a deep alcove, and behind it, an immense cupboard.

The drawing-room upstairs is the same shape only more so, as another room has been thrown into this to make it larger; it is really three rooms joined together by wide and graceful archways. The panelled walls and doors are painted creamy white, picked out with sea blue, and the *edges* of the raised panels are coloured coral pink. On the red-gold parquet floor are old silk Persian rugs of the same dim blue and coral, rich sapphire and tawny cinnamon. Chairs, couches, and low window-seats are upholstered with sea-blue corded silk, and are piled with cushions of coral velvet. The cream curtains are printed with a delicate pattern in pink, blue and black. There are crystal chandeliers set in silver, and silver gesso floor candlesticks. A wonderful collection of old Bristol glass repeats the note of richest sapphire. In this room are the family portraits by Sargent.

The bedrooms are principally furnished with the gay painted furniture which Mrs. Playfair imports from Portugal, and sells at that fascinating storehouse of beautiful things—the Cottar's Market. In one room—it has white paintwork and distempered walls of begonia pink; all the furniture is royal blue, painted with quaint roses and tulips in reds, pinks, yellows and greens. These same shades are translated into the eastern rugs which lie on the oatmeal grey cord carpet.

The Playfair boys' own sitting-room has Devonshire cream coloured walls, grass green paint, green rugs with red borders, and green Portuguese furniture painted with puce and blue stripes, and red-coated soldiers. There is a low divan with a patchwork coverlet, and a jolly work-table with gaily painted legs and a plain deal top, which no amount of boyish hobbies or "experiments" could spoil. Outside is the unfurled green umbrella of a young chestnut tree.

Half the charm of this house lies in the little pictures which its windows frame: those at the back look into a gay little water-colour of a red-tiled garden, with tulips in tall earthenware jars, a strip of emerald turf, and a coral-budded apple tree. From the front windows you get an exquisite picture of the river—a Turneresque pastel of grey and gold. And on bright days the sunshine dancing on the water is reflected upon the ceilings in a transparent, flickering pattern—and the whole house seems a-shimmer with silvery light.

THE DOGGY WORLD—*continued from page* 699

splendid ratters and several have been sold expressly for badger drawing, whilst some M.F.H.'s use them as Hunt terriers. At the same time, as mentioned above, Mrs. Allom finds them gentle and affectionate and excellent house dogs.

When starting the kennels, Mrs. Allom's first purchase was a daughter of that well-known old champion, "Highclere Rhâlet," and although she was not much to look at she was the foundress of the famous "Furzefield" strain, most of the big winners tracing their descent from her. She is still enjoying a happy and honoured old age in the kennels.

The head study is of "Furzefield Patience," a lovely bitch, and most typical, declared by many well-known judges to be one of the best specimens now before the public. She is, of course, home bred, and has already won first prizes and specials too numerous to catalogue; has secured two challenge certificates, and been once reserve for the honour, so is certain very soon to win the third certificate making her a full champion. One of the most delightful characteristics of the White West Highlanders is their fondness for children. Mrs. Allom's little daughter often lets the whole "pack" loose for a run. "Patience" is seen again in the pretty picture taken at the National Terrier Club's Show with Mrs. Allom's young son.

"Furzefield Primus," the principal stud dog, is taken in Mr. Fall's best style. He, too, is home bred, and was born in December, 1924. His sire is Champion "Gwen Wilfrid." "Primus" has already done a lot of winning including the cup for the best novice dog at the Kennel Club's Show last year; he has also sired some most promising puppies. His fee at present is only three guineas to approved bitches.

The pretty picture of "Primus," "Progress," and "Patience," shows them arriving at Mitcham, where they won four first and two third prizes. "Progress" is for sale at the very low price of nine guineas. This should be a grand opportunity for anyone starting a kennel, as they will thus reap the benefit of Mrs. Allom's experience and knowledge. Many litters are expected shortly, which is the only reason "Progress" has to go. Although only twenty-five miles from Town, Mrs. Allom lives in the heart of the country and all her stock is healthy, strong and sporting. She is always glad to show her kennels to anyone really interested in the breed, and to give encouragement and advice to the novice, for she is one of the most unselfish and "sporting" exhibitors we have, and her one object is to benefit the breed by inducing other fanciers to take it up.

EVE IN PARIS—*continued from page* 715

the mistake had been made. The joke is that neither of the ladies can remember who went off with the first of the two cars, as both are quite sure it was the only red Citroën on the line.

All's well that ends well, but it might have been awkward.

The Fête de Neuilly is in full swing—or as full as it can be in this wretched weather. So far there have been no worth-while Friday nights; it is no fun whirling round the merry-go-rounds or chuteing the chutes in evening dress *pour épater le bourgeois* when the heavens are raining buckets; in the afternoon there have been some amusing moments however, and *le monde* has cracked a few eg the shooting galleries and exhibited its shapely legs and exig *dessous* on the toboggan. It is said that the *sergeants de ville* on duty are always bachelors—there have been so many compl at the police headquarters from the married men's wives.

The "Bal de l'Opera" that is to be given as usual on the nig the Grand Prix "announces itself well." Alex Rzewuski is "do the frocks—*i.e.*, designing them and palavering with the grandes dames who will wear them and take part in the scenes tableaux. I hear that the average chorus girl is no easier to man The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady exist in every country! I daresay they will forget their bickerings on the night, and the will be gorgeous as it always is in that wonderful Opera House.

EVE AT GOLF—*continued from page* 728

on one of the wet previous days, she had slit up her thumb with the br spoke of an umbrella, and holding on to the club for an iron shot wa impossibility. She and Mrs. Percy should have had such a good ni with the balance probably swinging in Miss McCulloch's favour. But it out of the question under the circumstances, and Mrs. Percy got home 7 a Miss Everard won a steady match 3 and 1 from Miss M. Park, the Eve tish Foursomes winner, and Miss Wood was given her hardest match o championship by Miss Madge Maitland, who only went down 2 and 1, might not even have done that but for a very short putt that went a round about the 14th. But it was not possible that afternoon to have eyes for anything except Mrs. Watson's and Miss Glover's struggle. It popularly supposed that Mrs. Watson would win as she liked, but Miss Gl going out with only the humblest aspirations, surpassed herself, playing which showed emphatically that experience, golfing wisdom and a beau touch in the short game will work wonders even when you are only coming back to the game after the most serious of illnesses. Mrs. Wa too, was missing short putts, and it was not long before Miss Glover amassed a lead of three, increasing it to four at the 10th.

The crowd was of the opinion that Mrs. Watson must still win, but reckoned without Miss Glover's power of recovery, for the latter p magnificent chip dead from below the bunkers guarding the 17th green, so won the match 2 and 1. That was over just in time to see the end most dramatic struggle between Miss Joan Gow and Miss Demp Miss Gow had the best of the luck with a stymie at the 15th, and at the 16th she missed a short putt, and Miss Dempster was do But Miss Gow holed right across the green at the 17th, won the 18t well, halved the 19th in the steadiest of fives, and won at the 20th by h a most excellent putt for three.

FIFTH ROUND, THURSDAY MORNING

The next morning Mrs. Percy was in just the form that a holder shou in, especially when her intimate nickname is "One Putt Percy." started off against Miss Everard with 5, 4, 3, 2, and eventually won by 5 a Miss Wood and Miss Glover came next with a really fine match, for Glover's golf had all its old sureness of touch, and Scotland's young pl would find a great deal worth copying if they would study the varie shots Miss Glover can command, particularly once she is within reach o hole. In the beginning it seemed that Miss Wood would win by reaso her long putts, of which she had three in the first eight holes. Then playing herself into the apparently safe position of 2 up and 6 to go, it appe as if she would lose the match by missing short ones. However, ha lipped the 16th for a 2, she rallied and got home 2 and 1, though not b everybody had decided that stranger and more unsuitable things m happen than that Miss Glover should add another Scottish medal to collection. Miss Gow was again the heroine of a 20th hole match, but time history exactly reversed itself. She it was who was never down that 20th, and there her opponent, Mrs. Jack Cochrane, ran down a putt for a four. Miss Gow was missing short putts, worrying, no do because her going to Harlech or not depended on how she could do at Cr Bay. At the 20th Mrs. Cochrane holed from five yards off, and Miss G putt, having hit the back of the hole apparently in its very centre, jum again, and so bang went both Cruden Bay and Harlech for her! Miss played as fine and consistent golf all the week as anyone at Cruden Bay.

SEMI-FINALS, THURSDAY AFTERNOON

Mrs. Percy and Miss Wood had an excellent semi-final, and yet ex ordinarily devoid of incident, which is perhaps a tribute to the steadine the golf. Mrs. Percy was out in 41, and turned one up. But though she taken to wood through the green since last year, Mrs. Percy has still not g enough length for those homeward holes at Cruden Bay, and Miss W playing them excellently, managed to win on the last green. Miss Cam quite failed to do herself justice, and Mrs. Cochrane, seizing her chances excellent determination, finished off the match 5 and 3.

THE FINAL, FRIDAY MORNING

At last came a really fine morning, and with it a truly excellent ma Mrs. Cochrane is not exactly an orthodox golfer, with her palm grip and mistrust of wooden clubs through the green. But she is no end of a fig and that is sometimes worth a lot of style. She certainly got her appr nearer the first hole than Miss Wood did, but she missed a holeable put win it. Then at the second it was Miss Wood who refused the chance, after Mrs. Cochrane had been short with her second, Miss Wood overclub herself and sailed over the green, whereupon Mrs. Cochrane put the dead and won the hole in a very pretty four. They halved the third, Cochrane recovering magnificently from a bunker, and Miss Wood took lead for the first time at the 7th, where Mrs. Cochrane's dislike of a wo club second was her undoing. So it was at the 9th, with the result Miss Wood turned one up, out in an excellent 42. Mrs. Cochrane square match at the 12th, where she hit an excellent wooden second and holed a putt for a three. They halved the 13th, but at the 14th Miss Wood pl a beautiful chip; she holed a six-yard putt at the 15th, and though she the 16th to a three from Mrs. Cochrane, she played the 17th really well, won it and the match 2 and 1. The Earl of Caithness presented the p and everybody clapped vociferously and then made off regretfully for h

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NIGHTS OUT—*continued from page 687*

arms, the bobbing balloons which dancers had tied to their wrists or were batting at one another as they moved through the smoke-hazed, changing, coloured lights from the glass floor, Philippa saw Rudolf Carling at the other side of the room, his head distinct as a cameo against the tropical vegetation painted on the walls.

He was with a large party, sitting next a Spanish-looking woman with parted, shiny hair and long earrings, but he appeared restless; he was moving and looking about him. But then, he was never still and attentive. Suddenly he turned right round in his chair, looked straight across the room and saw Philippa. He got up at once and started towards her. She could not watch him steer his way through the South American flora and fauna. She sat there holding a ridiculous doll with pursed lips and turned-up eyes which the maître d'hôtel had just given her, and gazing at the intricate ever-changing geometry of the illuminated legs that passed.

"So you came on?—Enjoy your ball?—Will you dance?" It was his voice, his brusque economic way of speaking. He did not wait for answers. Philippa handed the doll to Massobra. She was quite self-possessed until she met his eyes: it was his smile which made her blush.

Driving back through the bright pale sunshine of an early summer morning Philippa lay her head against her mother's shoulder and drew a deep sigh of content. "It's been a *lovely* night, Mummie. I thought the Opera ball was *marvellous*."

THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP AT HARLECH—*continued from page 726*

which is certainly the refinement of cruelty. Behind them came Mrs. King, providing one of the surprises of the morning by defeating Miss Joy Winn at the last hole. Miss Winn had putted well all the time, but Mrs. King played with the utmost serenity and steadiness, refused to take fright when her lead of three holes was snatched from her, and came again with a wonderful putt at the 18th for the match. That was not by any means the only surprise of the morning, for there was the dismissal of Mrs. Temple Dobell by 5 and 3 by Mrs. Percy Garon, whose short game is excellent, and who made the most of finding Mrs. Dobell below form. There were two great matches that morning, Mrs. McNair winning 2 and 1 from Miss Molly Gourlay, and Mlle. Simone Thion de la Chaume 3 and 2 from Miss Hartill. Mrs. McNair was away like a flash, having no more than 11 putts for the first 8 holes, and all that Miss Gourlay could do was to hang on with the greatest of pluck in order to be beaten by no greater a margin than 2 and 1, after being dormy five down. Mlle. de la Chaume's victory does small justice to Miss Hartill's brilliant golf on the outward journey, but the English player was hardly used by the fates after her very fine drive at the 7th. Mlle. de la Chaume is grand at taking chances, and she had, moreover, an old defeat at the hands of Miss Hartill to wipe off. She wiped it by dint of excellent putting and other good golf, and going away with something of a rush from the turn, she won by 3 and 2. Other matches during the morning fell out much as it was right that they should do, and by the afternoon all those who had hith walked-over had started to play. Miss Cotgrave, who had received t walks-over, won a very keen struggle from Mrs. Cavendish Fuller, and it may be said, from her own indifferent putting, which certainly jeopard the result until the 17th green. Miss Leitch was extremely firmly bravely held by Mrs. King, who was heartened, no doubt, by her victor the morning over Miss Joy Winn. After losing the first two holes Mrs. stuck most gallantly to her task. There was, for instance, that two at 9th, and any number of other excellently strivings against the fate w eventually overtook her at the 15th. Mlle. de la Chaume was also bravely by Mrs. Mursell, once of Northants, and now Cheshire county reserve, only owned defeat by 3 and 2. Behind them came a surprise in the de of Miss D. R. Fowler at the 19th. Various things were accountable for One was the good golf of Miss Corser; another was three stymies; and a was the fact that Miss Fowler was playing nothing like the game which m her English champion at Westward Ho! last year. Perhaps this last is pa accounted for by the fact that she is only just recovering from mumps, so is naturally short of practice, and possibly not in too good training. was 2 up at the 12th, but neglected to win the 13th when it had appe safely hers, whereupon Miss Corser retaliated by taking the 14th in a beau three and eventually winning at the 19th with the last of the three stym Mrs. McNair did all that could be asked of her by beating Miss Bur 7 and 6, and then came another big surprise in the defeat of Miss D Chambers, who, until that moment, had played golf which suggested that might well repeat her triumph of 1923. Mrs. Fraser's short game admirable, and the chip which she holed at the 12th was sufficient to br any heart and win any match. So was her putt at the 13th, and her by 4 and 3 was no more than she deserved. Mrs. Garon was only able to 2 and 1 from Mrs. Long, a Woodbridge player, and that, with the pres writer's 4 and 3 win to complete the eight finishes the play so far as number of EVE can go.

ART AS A "TRADE"—*continued from page 734*

pay—but, according to Miss Doris Zinkeisen, no one should despise smaller jobs; you never know where they may lead.

Those who go to the Piccadilly Revels have plenty of opportunity seeing what Miss Anna Zinkeisen can do in the way of illustration, the programmes are filled with quaint fancies, and her picture in Academy of her sister is a fair sample of her portrait painting; best all, however, this sister loves the drawing of elaborate detail. She was at w when last I saw her, on another design for Wedgwood—an allegor procession for which the drawing was complete but which had to be re duced in wax on slabs of slate before being sent up to the factories to turned into delicate traceries of white against the wonder blue of Wedgwood jaspé. "You needn't cast aside your great ambitions and dreams of pure Art because you work in an economic and competitive c mercial world as well; the idea that the two things are incompatible is wrong." That is the faith of these workers—a faith that is held by m creative artists to-day.

J. W.

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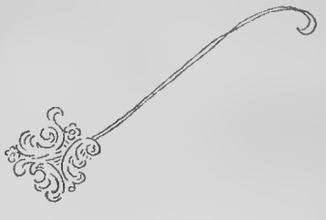

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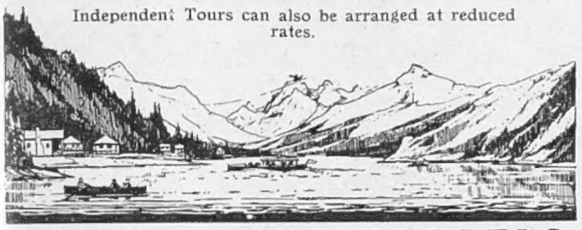

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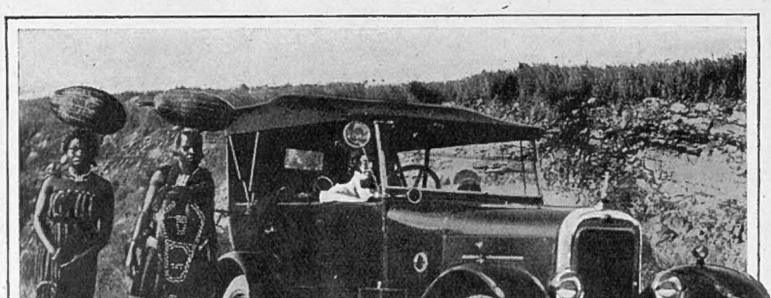

Two means of transport in South Africa; native women, carrying pumpkins on their heads, meet a Clyno on the road

EVE AND HER CAR

IF there is one experience more than another which makes me really angry it is that of being forced to pay out good money for the privilege (!) of passing over a main road bridge. All road tolls are a relic of the dark ages and ought to have been abolished or compounded years ago, but if there is one kind more indefensible than another it is the toll levied on vehicles which pass along the main roads. I often have occasion to use the coast road between Brighton and Worthing and it really does annoy me to have to pay sixpence to cross the bridge over the Adur at Shoreham. It is not the amount that hurts, but the principle of the thing is all wrong. Goodness knows, the motorist has to pay enough for his use of the roads, and to be mulcted double tides, so to say, is nothing short of exasperating. We pay so much that there is a surplus at the Treasury, which is being appropriated to general purposes, while common honesty would seem to dictate the extra money ought; first and foremost, to be devoted to freeing the roads of these anachronistic imposts. We hear much about agitations for the restoration of the fuel tax and other matters, important enough it must be admitted, but the motoring organisations do not seem to think that there is a word to be said for the freeing of the highways. When we pay anything from 1d. to 4d. per mile for our use of those highways, surely we have a right to use them free o other charges. I suppose the matter is so relatively small that it is not w the attention of these large and important organisations! It may be sm but the principle involved is quite a large one.

I am asked whether the various decarbonising fluids which are advert really do what is claimed for them. As a temporary measure they are q all right, but they have obvious limitations. I have myself used them occasion, when I have known that the engine was not due for dismant but when there was ground for suspecting more carbon than there should Undoubtedly, these fluids, when used according to directions, do get ri the carbon on the pistons and combustion heads, but the liquid manife cannot get round the valves or piston rings. More important than tha cannot grind in and adjust valves, which is one of the jobs that has to be d when the head is removed for decarbonising. For a quick job, in betw the complete dismantlings which must be done periodically, I do not hesi to recommend such a compound as Johnson's carbon remover, but it not do to think that any of these compounds are sufficient to keep an en in condition during its whole life.

Added to the query with which I have dealt is a request to be infor as to how many miles a motor should run before decarbonisation is necess The answer is that it all depends on the engine. I have known engines would run for ten thousand miles before it became really essential to undert the job of decarbonising. On the other hand, I have known some that wa to be cleaned after less than two thousand. So much depends upon so m things. The general condition of the motor has a lot to do with it. If piston rings are a good fit and really seal the cylinders, then the amoun oil that gets past to form carbon will be quite small. If they are a bad or have worked round until all the slits are in line, then oil will get up in qu tities and decarbonisation will be needed frequently. If the crank-case good large breathers to release compression when the pistons descend, again will assist to postpone the evil day. Something depends on the way car is driven. Coasting downhill with the clutch in and the throttle cl causes the pistons to act in a measure as oil pumps and to draw oil up the rings into the combustion chamber. If coasting is done in neutral, the engine switched off or just ticking over, this pump action does not t place. So, you see, it is impossible to lay down any fixed rule regarding w I will call decarbonisation mileage.

Talking about oil, how absolutely automatic our cars tend to become. latest invention to come under notice is an apparatus which is fitted to engine side of the dash and which takes care of the oil level in the en sump. All you have to do is to fill this apparatus with the appropr grade of oil and so long as this is kept replenished there is no need to w about whether the motor is getting enough oil or too little. A very cl adaptation of the laws of atmospheric pressure takes care that as the o used so more is allowed to fall into the sump. It allows no more to fall t is sufficient to maintain the proper level, so all need for anxiety is remo Before long everything will be automatic, except the actual driving and, a this, who knows?

W. WHITTAL

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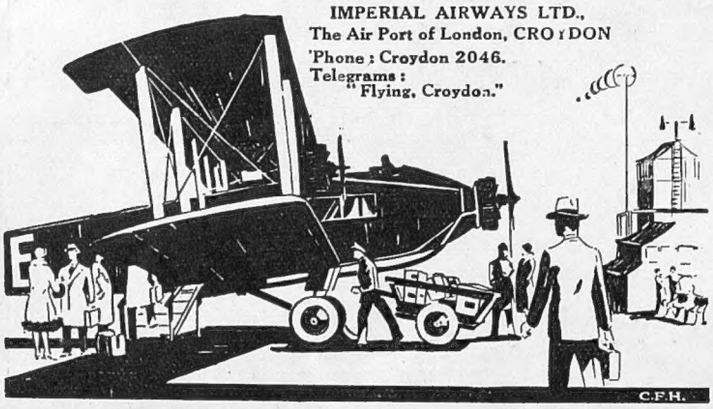

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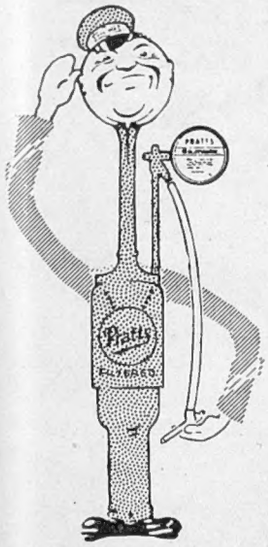

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DANCING

By

H. St. John Rumsey, M.A.

Author of "Ball-Room Dancing"

1. *Balance and poise—and how to acquire it*

Miss Katie Smith demonstrates correct poise. Weight on the forward foot moving in either direction; Contrary body movement; Left foot and right hip forward ready to turn backwards or forwards

IN these days one has only to look around to see what a strong appeal modern ball-room dancing makes to young and old. And it is an art which grows upon one—gradually, perhaps, but nevertheless surely. But to dance correctly one *must* have the proper balance and weight control, and it *is* possible for every dancer to have both by following the right methods, and by regular practice. The aim of every dancer should be to get correct poise and balance before attempting steps, for modern dancing is toe to toe, and this necessitates both. Feet must be kept in a line as nearly as possible so as to prevent a rocking movement—dancing with feet wide apart always results in a side to side motion, which is anything but beautiful.

It is most essential that every movement in modern dancing should be controlled, for "dancing" is *not* merely "walking" to music, and, unless both dancers have the necessary balance and poise, when dancing backwards, the gentleman is seen to pull the lady on his toes. And the lady who leans back, letting her weight on her leading foot too soon, will constantly pull her partner on her feet, sometimes blaming him for treading on her toes. All this is due to wrong balance. To correct this, when dancing backwards the foot must reach back with the toe skimming the floor, but with all the weight on the stationary foot—the forward foot. Dancers should remember to keep their feet under them—or behind them—but never in front of them. And when the gentleman is dancing forwards, he must *never* allow his foot to get ahead of his body. It is very necessary that his body should be *over* his leading foot. Nothing is uglier than to see a foot thrust forward, leaving the body behind. It is impossible for the lady to keep the contact necessary for lead if the foot goes *before* the body. In dancing, the body should take the feet not the feet take the body.

Miss Katie Smith and the author. Keeping the weight on the forward foot, whether moving forwards or backwards, enables both lady and gentleman to have all the "foot-room" necessary. Note the neat "hold" giving perfect control and comfort to both

The lady's body should move backwards as her partner's moves forwards in line of dance. Legs should move from the hips with knees as straight as possible—with exception in the Tango. The lady *must* take her own weight and follow her partner's *movements* rather than his feet, and she must concentrate on sliding her leading foot back in advance of her weight, stretching her foot back and touching the floor with her toe only, until her partner moves forward; then must the weight be transferred to the tread of her foot, the heel coming in contact with the floor last of all, *as* the *other* foot *passes*—but not before.

For the Forward Dancer, the weight of the body must be kept over the moving foot, first heel, tread, toe.

(*Continued on page* 748)